00052608

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 September, 2015

SOUTHEY'S

POETICAL WORKS.

00052608

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq.

POET LAUREATE,

AND MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SPANISH ACADEMY.

VOL. VI.

MADOC.

VOL. 2.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

		PAGE
5.	War denounced	1
6.	The Festival of the Dead	7
7.	The Snake-God	20
8.	The Conversion of the Hoamen	32
9.	Tlalala	39
10.	The Arrival of the Gods	49
11.	The Capture	60
12.	Hoel	68
13.	Coatel	76
14.	The Stone of Sacrifice	82
15.	The Battle	97
16.	The Women	105
17.	The Deliverance	119
18.	The Victory	129
19.	The Funeral	140
20.	The Death of Coatel	150
21.	The Sports	156
22.	The Death of Lincoya	162
23.	Caradoc and Senena	168
24.	The Embassy	173
25.	The Lake Fight	180
26.	The Close of the Century	187
27.	The Migration of the Aztecas	202

NOTES 221

MADOC.

THE SECOND PART.

V.

War Denounced.

This is the day, when, in a foreign grave,
King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest.
No bright emblazonries bedecked his bier,
No tapers blazed, no prelate sung the mass,
No choristers the funeral dirge intoned,
No mitred abbots, and no tonsured train,
Lengthened the pomp of ceremonious woe.
His decent bier was with white linen spread
And canopied; two elks and bisons yoked,
Drew on the car; foremost Cadwallon bore
The Crucifix, with single voice, distinct,
The good priest Llorien chaunted loud and deep

The solemn service; Madoc next the bier
Followed his father's corpse; bareheaded then
Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial-place was in a grassy plat,
A little level field of sunny green,
Between the river and a rocky bank,
Which, like a buttress, from the precipice
Of naked rock sloped out. On either side
'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross
Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monument,
Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight trunk
Rose like an obelisk, and waved on high
Its palmy plumage, green and never sere.
Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian prayers,
All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid.
Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign grave!
From foul indignity of Romish pride
And bigot priesthood, from a falling land
Thus timely snatched, and from the impending yoke,
Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son!

Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale
Awaited their return;.. Yuhidthiton,

Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the priest:
With these came Malinal. They met the Prince,
And with a sullen stateliness returned
His salutation, then the Chief began;
Lord of the Strangers, hear me! by my voice
The People and the Pabas and the King
Of Aztlan speak. Our injured Gods have claimed
Their wonted worship, and made manifest
Their wrath; we dare not impiously provoke
The Dreadful! Worship ye in your own way;
But we must keep the path our fathers kept.

We parted, O Yuhidthiton! as friends
And brethren, said the Christian Prince;.. alas,
That this should be our meeting! When we pledged,
In the broad daylight and the eye of Heaven,
Our hands in peace, ye heard the will of God,
And felt and understood. This calm assent
Ye would belie, by midnight miracles
Scared, and such signs of darkness as beseem
The demons whom ye dread! or likelier
Duped by the craft of those accursed men,
Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart,
Yuhidthiton,..

But Helhua broke his speech;
Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the Priest,
That Aztlan hath restored, and will maintain,
Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee,
Move thou thy dwelling place!
Madoc replied,
This day have I deposited in earth
My father's bones, and where his bones are laid,
There mine shall moulder.
Malinal at that
Advanced;.. Prince Madoc, said the youth, I come,
True to thy faith and thee, and to the weal
Of Aztlan true, and bearing, for that truth,
Reproach and shame and scorn and obloquy.
In sorrow come I here, a banished man;
Here take, in sorrow, my abiding place,
Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties
Divorced; all dear familiar countenances
No longer to be present to my sight;
The very mother-language which I learnt,
A lisping baby on my mother's knees,
No more with its sweet sounds to comfort me.
So be it!.. To his brother then he turned;

Yuhidthiton, said he, when thou shalt find, . .
As find thou wilt, . . that those accursëd men
Have played the juggler with thee, and deceived
Thine honest heart, . . when Aztlan groans in blood, . .
Bid her remember then, that Malinal
Is in the dwellings of her enemy;
Where all his hope in banishment hath been
To intercede for her, and heal her wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard;
Yet hearkened he as one whose heart perforce
Suppress its instinct, and there might be seen
A sorrow in his silent stubbornness.
And now his ministers on either hand
A water-vessel fill, and heap dry sedge
And straw before his face, and fire the pile.
He, looking upward, spread his arms and cried,
Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,
And are, and will be yours! behold your foes!
He stoopt, and lifted up one ample urn, . .
Thus let their blood be shed! . . and far away
He whirled the scattering water. Then again

Raised the full vase,.. Thus let their lives be
quenched!
And out he poured it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguished heap,
Spread like a mist, and, ere it melted off,
Homeward the heralds of the war had turned.

VI.

The Festival of the Dead.

The Hoamen in their Council-hall are met
To hold the Feast of Souls: seat above seat,
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,
Slow passing through the over aperture,
Excludes the day, and fills the conic roof,
And hangs above them like a cloud. Around,
The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are hung,
Shrivelled and parched, by heat; the humbler dead
Lie on the floor,.. white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,
Or web, the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality
Swathed, and in decent tenderness concealed.
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle and belt and feathery coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking shell,

His arrows for the chace, the sarbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath-driven
Might pierce the wingëd game. Husbands and wives,
Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widowed and the parent and the child
Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the crackling brand, or mouldering fire,
Or when, amid yon pendant string of shells,
The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble sound, . .
A sound of sorrow to the mind attuned
By sights of woe.

Ayayaca at length
Came forward. . . Spirits, is it well with ye?
Is it well, Brethren? said the aged Priest;
Have ye received your mourning, and the rites
Of righteous grief? or round your dwelling-place
Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return
A voice of lamentation? Teach us now,
If we in aught have failed, that I, your Priest,
When I shall join ye soon, as soon I must,
May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,
And, in the Country of the Dead, be hailed
By you, with song and dance and grateful joy.

So saying, to the Oracle he turned,
Awaiting there the silence which implied
Peaceful assent. Against the eastern wall,
Fronting the narrow portal's winding way,
An Image stood: a cloak of fur disguised
The rude proportion of its uncouth limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Topped it, and with a visor this was masked,
Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at times
There took his resting place. Ayayaca
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?
And raised the visor. But he started back,
Appalled and shuddering; for a moony light
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there came
From its immoveable and bony jaws
A long deep groan, thrice uttered, and thrice felt
In every heart of all the hearers round.
The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man
Stricken with palsy; and he gazed with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he looked
For counsel in that fear. But Neolin
Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
Speak, Spirit! tell us of our sin, and teach

The atonement! A sepulchral voice replied,
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,
And we abandon you!.. and crash with that,
The Image fell.
A loud and hideous shriek,
As of a demon, Neolin set up;
So wild a yell, as, even in that hour,
Came with fresh terror to the startled ear.
While yet they sate, pale and irresolute,
Helhua the Azteca came in. He bore
A shield and arrow, tokens these of war,
Yet now beheld with hope, so great relie
They felt his human presence.
Hoamen, hear me!
The messenger began; Erillyab hear,
Priests, Elders, People! but hear chiefly thou
Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,
So now of years mature, the rightful Lord!..
Shall it be peace or war?.. Thus Aztlan saith;
She, in her anger, from the land will root
The Children of the Sea; but viewing you
In mercy, to your former vassalage
Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,
And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

Oh praise your Gods! cried Neolin, and hail
This day-spring of new hope! Aztlan remits
The tribute lives,.. what more could Madoc give?
She claimeth no revenge, and, if she claimed,
He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods;
Appease them! Thou, Prince Amalahta, speak,
And seize the mercy.
Amalahta stood
In act of speech; but then Erillyab rose...
Who gives thee, Boy, this Elder's privilege?
The Queen exclaimed;.. and thou, Priest Neolin,
Curb thou thy traitorous tongue! The reign is mine;
I hold it from my father, he from his;
Age before age, beyond the memory
Of man it hath been thus. My father fell
In battle for his people, and his sons
Fell by his side; they perished, but their names
Are with the names we love,.. their happy souls
Pursue, in fields of bliss, the shadowy deer;
The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds
Which go before the Sun, when he comes forth
In glory. Last of that illustrious race
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,

Elders, that day when I assembled here
The people, and demanded at their choice
The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line
Of Kings and Warriors... To the wind he spread
His black and blood-red banner. Even now
I hear his war-drum's tripled sound, that called
The youth to battle; even now behold
The hope which lit his dark and fiery eye,
And kindled with a sunnier glow his cheek,
As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,
Took the death-doers down... Lo here the bones
Of King Tepollomi!.. my husband's bones!..
There should be some among ye who beheld,
When, all with arrows quilled, and clothed with blood,
As with a purple garment, he sustained
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas
Took him at vantage, and their monarch's club
Let loose his struggling soul. Look, Hoamen, here,
See through how wide a wound his spirit fled!
Twenty long years of mournful widowhood
Have past away; so long have I maintained
The little empire left us, loving well
My people, and by them as well beloved.
Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen?

At once
The whole assembly rose with one acclaim, . .
Still, O Erillyab, O Belovëd, rule
Thy own belovëd people!
But the Gods!
Cried Amalahta, . . but the Oracle!
The Oracle! quoth she; what hath it said
That forty years of suffering hath not taught
This wretched people? . . They abandon us? . .
So let them go! Where were they at that hour,
When, like a blasting night-wind in the spring,
The multitudes of Aztlan came upon us?
Where were they when my father went to war?
Where were they when my father's stiffened corpse,
Even after death a slave, held up the lamp
To light his conqueror's revels? . . Think not, Boy,
To palter with me thus! a fire may tremble
Within the sockets of a skull, and groans
May issue from a dead man's fleshless jaws,
And images may fall, and yet no God
Be there! . . If it had walked abroad with life,
That had indeed been something!
Then she turned
Her voice toward the people. . . Ye have heard

This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious tongue
Bids ye desert the Children of the Sea,
And vow again your former vassalage.
Speaks Aztlan of the former? O my people,
I too could tell ye of the former days,
When yonder plain was ours, with all its woods
And waters and savannahs!.. of those days,
When, following where her husband's stronger arm
Had opened the light glebe, the willing wife
Dropt in the yellow maize; ere long to bear
Its increase to the general store, and toss
Her flowing tresses in the dance of joy.
And I could tell ye how these summer stores
Were hoarded for the invader's winter feasts;
And how the widows clipt those flowing locks
To strew them,.. not upon their husband's graves,..
Their husbands had no graves!.. but on the rocks
And mountains in their flight. And even these rocks
And mountains could not save us! year by year
Our babes, like firstlings of the flock, were culled
To be the banquet of these Aztecas!
This very wretch, who tells us of the past,
Hath chosen them for the butchery... Oh, I thank you

For this brave anger! .. in your name I take
The war-gift!
Gods of Aztlan, Helhua cried,
As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave
The deadly token, in your name I give
The war-gift! Ye have thirsted over long;
Take now your fill of blood! .. He turned away;
And Queen Erillyab bade the tribe fulfil
Their customary rites.
Each family
Bore its own dead, and to the general grave,
With melancholy song and sob of woe,
The slow procession moves. The general grave
Was delved within a deep and shady dell,
Fronting a cavern in the rock, .. the scene
Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc came, ..
A temple, as they deemed, by Nature made,
Where the Snake-Idol stood. On fur and cloth
Of woven grass, they lay their burthens down,
Within the ample pit; their offerings range
Beside, and piously a portion take
Of that cold earth, to which for ever now
Consigned, they leave their fathers, dust to dust;
Sad relic that, and wise remembrancer.

But as with bark and resinous boughs they pile.
The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin
Sprung up aloft, and shrieked, as one who treads
Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God! the very God! he cried, and howled
One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry;
Whereat from that dark temple issued forth
A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he came,
Strait to the sound, and curled around the Priest
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
His human height, and, arching down his head,
Sought in the hands of Neolin for food;
Then questing, reared and stretched and waved his neck,
And glanced his forky tongue. Who then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fearlessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body, wreathed and ringed
In those tremendous folds, he stood secure,
Played with the reptile's jaws, and called for food,
Food for the present God!.. who then had seen
The fiendish joy which fired his countenance,
Might well have weened that he had summoned up
The dreadful monster from its native Hell,
By devilish power, himself a fiend infleshed.

Food for the God! he cried; Lincoya's blood!
Friend of the Serpent's foe!.. Lincoya's blood!
Cried Amalahta, and the people turned
Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each
Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.
Alone Erillyab raised her voice, confused
But not confounded; she alone exclaimed,
Madoc shall answer this! unheard her voice
By the bewildered people, by the Priest
Unheeded; and Lincoya sure had fallen
The victim of their fear, had he been found
In that wild hour; but when his watchful eye
Beheld the monster from his den come forth,
He fled to bear the tidings... Neolin
Repeats the accursed call, Food for the God!
Ayayaca, his unbelieving Priest!
At once all eager eyes were fixed on him,
But he came forward calmly at the call;
Lo! here am I! quoth he; and from his head
Plucking the thin grey hairs he dealt them round..
Countrymen, kinsmen, brethren, children, take
These in remembrance of me! there will be
No relic of your aged Priest but this.
From manhood to old age, full threescore years,

Have I been your true servant: fit it is
That I, who witnessed Aztlan's first assault,
Should perish her last victim!.. and he moved
Towards the death. But then Erillyab
Seized him, and by the garment drew him back!.
By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die!
The Queen exclaimed; nor shalt thou triumph thus,
Liar and traitor! Hoamen, to your homes!
Madoc shall answer this!
.. Irresolute
They heard, and inobedient; to obey
Fearing, yet fearful to remain., Anon,
The Queen repeats her bidding, To your homes,
My people!.. But when Neolin perceived
The growing stir and motion of the crowd,
As from the outward ring they moved away,
He uttered a new cry, and disentangling
The passive reptile's folds, rushed out among them
With outstretched hands, like one possessed, to seize
His victim. Then they fled; for who could tell
On whom the madman, in that hellish fit,
Might cast the lot? An eight-years' boy he seized
And held him by the leg, and, whirling him
In ritual dance, till breath and sense were gone,

Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.
Amalähta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices,
In treason, joined the death-song and the dance.
Some too there were, believing what they feared,
Who yielded to their old idolatry,
And mingled in the worship. Round and round
The accursëd minister of murder whirled
His senseless victim; they, too, round and round
In maddening motion, and with maddening cries
Revolving, whirled and wheeled. At length, when now,
According to old rites, he should have dashed
On the stone Idol's head the wretch's brains,
Neolin stopt, and once again began
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry.
The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling on,
Wave above wave, his rising length, advanced
His open jaws; then, with the expected prey,
Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

VII.

The Snake-God.

MEANTIME Erillyab's messenger had girt
His loins, and, like a roebuck, o'er the hills
He sped. He met Cadwallon and the Prince
In arms, so quickly Madoc had obeyed
Lincoya's call; at noon he heard the call,
And still the sun was riding high in heaven,
When up the valley where the Hoamen dwelt
He led his twenty spears. O welcome, friend
And brother! cried the Queen. Even as thou saidst
So hath it proved; and those accursëd schemes
Of treachery, which that wretched boy revealed
Under the influence of thy potent drink,
Have ripened to effect. From what a snare
The timely warning saved me! for, besure,
What I had seen I else should have believed,
In utter fear confounded. The Great Spirit,

Who taught thee to foresee the evil thing,
Will give thee power to quell it.

On they went
Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters
Had built their dedicated fire, and still
With feast, and fits of song, and violent dance,
Pursued their rites. When Neolin perceived
The Prince approach, fearlessly he came forth,
And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers, away!
Away, profane! hence to your mother-land!
Hence to your waters! for the God is here;..
He came for blood, and he shall have his fill!
Impious, away!

Seize him! exclaimed the Prince;
Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,
So instantly was that command obeyed.
Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me!.. I came here,
Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you;
I found ye an oppressed, wretched race,
Groaning beneath your chains; at your request,
For your deliverance, I unsheathed the sword,
Redeemed ye from your bondage, and preserved
Your children from the slaughter. With those foes
Whose burden ye for forty years endured,

This traitor hath conspired, against yourselves,
Your Queen, and me your friend; the solemn faith
Which in the face of yonder sun we pledged,
Each to the other, this accursëd man
Hath broken, and hath stained his hands this day
With innocent blood. Life must atone for life:
Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his wiles
Have trained so well, last victim, he shall glut
The monster's maw.

Strike, man! quoth Neolin.
This is my consummation! the reward
Of my true faith! the best that I could ask,
The best the God could give:... to rest in him,
Body with body be incorporate,
Soul into soul absorbed, and I and he
One life, inseparable, for evermore.
Strike, I am weary of this mortal part;
Unite me to the God!

Triumphantly
He spake; the assembled people, at his words,
With rising awe gazed on the miscreant;
Madoc himself, when now he would have given
The sign for death, in admiration paused,
Such power hath fortitude. And he perceived

The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.
Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,
The serpent came: the Hoamen at the sight
Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appalled
Relaxed their hold. On came the mighty Snake,
And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,
Darting aright, aleft, his sinuous neck,
With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue
Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower
Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood
Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk,
And that strange sight. His girth was as of man,
But easily could he have overtopped
Goliath's helmëd head, or that huge King
Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim:
What then was human strength, if once involved
Within those dreadful coils?.. The multitude
Fell prone, and worshipped; pale Erillyab grew
And turned upon the Prince a doubtful eye;
The Britons, too, were pale, albeit they held
Their spears protended; and they also looked
On Madoc, who the while stood silently,
Contemplating how wiseliest he might cope
With that surpassing strength.

But Neolin,
Well hoping now success, when he had awed
The general feeling thus, exclaimed aloud,
Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!
Avenge him on his foes! and then, perchance,
Terror had urged him to some desperate deed.
Had Madoc pondered more, or paused in act
One moment. From the sacrificial flames
He snatched a fire-brand, and, with fire and sword,
Rushed at the monster: back the monster drew
His head, upraised recoiling, and the Prince
Smote Neolin; all circled as he was,
And clipt in his false Deity's embrace,
Smote he the accursëd Priest; the avenging sword
Fell on his neck; through flesh and bone it drove
Deep in the chest: the wretched criminal
Tottered, and those huge rings a moment held
His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck
The Serpent: twice he struck him, and the sword
Glanced from the impenetrable scales; nor more
Availed its thrust, though driven by that strong arm;
For on the unyielding skin the tempered blade
Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eyes
Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.

Impatient of the smoke and burning, back
The reptile wreathed, and from his loosening clasp
Dropt the dead Neolin, and turned, and fled
To his dark den.
The Hoamen, at that sight
Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,
Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God
Is mightiest! But Erillyab silently
Approached the great Deliverer; her whole frame
Trembled with strong emotion, and she took
His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,
Having no power of speech, till with a gush
Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaimed,
Blessed art thou, my brother! for the power
Of God is in thee!.. and she would have kissed
His hand in adoration; but he cried,
God is indeed with us, and in his name
Will we fulfil the work!.. then to the cave
Advanced and called for fire. Bring fire! quoth he;
By his own element this spawn of hell
Shall perish! and he entered, to explore
The cavern depths. Cadwallon followed him,
Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,
For sword or spear availed not.

Far in the hill,
Cave within cave, the ample grotto pierced,
Three chambers in the rock. Fit vestibule
The first to that wild temple, long and low,
Shut out the outward day. The second vault
Had its own daylight from a central chasm
High in the hollow; here the Image stood,
Their rude idolatry, .. a sculptured snake, .
If term of art may such mis-shapen form
Beseem, .. around a human figure coiled,
And all begrimed with blood. The inmost cell
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth
They saw the Serpent's still small eye of fire.
Not if they thinned the forest for their pile,
Could they, with flame or suffocating smoke,
Destroy him there; for through the open roof
The clouds would pass away. They paused not long:
Drive him beneath the chasm, Cadwallon cried,
And hem him in with fire, and from above
We crush him.

Forth they went and climbed the hill,
With all their people. Their united strength
Loosened the rocks, and ranged them round the brink,
Impending. With Cadwallon on the height

Ten Britons wait; ten with the Prince descend,
And with a fireband each in either hand,
Enter the outer cave. Madoc advanced,
And at the entrance of the inner den,
He took his stand alone. A bow he bore,
And arrows, round whose heads dry tow was twined,
In pine-gum dipt; he kindled these, and shot
The fiery shafts. Upon his scaly skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell;
But, at their bright and blazing light effrayed,
Out rushed the reptile. Madoc from his path
Retired against the side, and called his men,
And in they came and circled round the Snake,
And, shaking all their flames, as with a wheel
Of fire, they ringed him in. From side to side
The monster turns;..where'er he turns, the flame
Flares in his nostrils and his blinking eyes;
Nor aught against the dreaded element
Did that brute force avail, which could have crushed
Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,
Or old Manoah's mightier son, ere yet
Shorn of his strength. They press him now, and now
Give back, here urging, and here yielding way,
Till right beneath the chasm they centre him.

At once the crags are loosed, and down they fall,
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash
Of scale and bone was heard. In agony
The Serpent writhed beneath the blow; in vain,
From under the incumbent load essayed
To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone
Fastened and flattened him; yet still, with tail
Ten cubits long, he lashed the air, and foined
From side to side, and raised his raging head
Above the height of man, though half his length
Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the force
Of that wild fury, little had to him
Buckler or corselet profited, or mail,
Or might of human arm. The Britons shrunk
Beyond its arc of motion; but the Prince
Took a long spear, and springing on the stone
Which fixed the monster down, provoked his rage.
Uplifts the Snake his head retorted, high
He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down
To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced,
Inclines his body back, and points the spear,
With sure and certain aim, then drives it up,
Into his open jaws; two cubits deep
It pierced, the monster forcing on the wound.

He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit short
The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now
Clangs all his scales, can from its seat dislodge
The barbëd shaft; nor those contortions wild,
Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes
Which shake his inmost entrails, as with the air
In suffocating gulps the monster now
Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends;
He lifts another lance; and now the Snake,
Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground
Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seized
That moment, planted in his eye the spear,
Then, setting foot upon his neck, drove down
Through bone and brain and throat, and to the earth
Infixed the mortal weapon. Yet once more
The Snake essayed to rise; his dying strength
Failed him, nor longer did those mighty folds
Obey the moving impulse; crushed and scotched,
In every ring, through all his mangled length,
The shrinking muscles quivered, then collapsed
In death.

Cadwallon and his comrades now
Enter the den; they roll away the crag
Which fixed him down, pluck out the mortal spear,

Then drag him forth to day; the force conjoined
Of all the Britons difficultly drag
His lifeless bulk. But when the Hoamen saw
That form portentous trailing in its gore,
The jaws which, in the morning, they had seen
Purpled with human blood, now in their own
Blackening, .. aknee they fell before the Prince,
And in adoring admiration raised
Their hands with one accord, and all in fear
Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But he,
Recoiling from those sinful honours, cried,
Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,
That all may be consumed!
Forthwith they heaped
The sacrificial fire, and on the pile
The Serpent and the Image and the corpse
Of Neolin were laid; with prompt supply
They feed the raging flames, hour after hour,
Till now the black and nauseous smoke is spent,
And mingled with the ruins of the pile,
The undistinguishable ashes lay.
Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,
And scatter them upon the winds, that so
No relic of this foul idolatry

Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here,
Hoamen, and I will purify yon den
Of your abominations. Come ye here
With humble hearts; for ye, too, in the sight
Of the Great Spirit, the Belovëd One,
Must be made pure, and cleansed from your offence,
And take upon yourselves his holy law.

VIII.

The Conversion of the Hoamen.

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise,
And on how fair a scene! Before the Cave
The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will
Of their Deliverer; ranged without their ring
The tribe look on, thronging the narrow vale,
And what of gradual rise the shelving combe
Displayed, or steeper eminence of wood,
Broken with crags and sunny slope of green,
And grassy platform. With the elders sate
The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative,
Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth
For counsel immature. Before the arch,
To that rude fane, rude portal, stands the Cross,
By Madoc's hand victorious planted there.
And lo, Prince Madoc comes! no longer mailed
In arms of mortal might; the spear and sword,

The hauberk and the helmet laid aside,
Gorget and gauntlet, grieves and shield, . . he comes
In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long;
His hyacinthine locks now shadowing
That face, which late, with iron overbrowed,
Struck from within the aventayle such awe
And terror to the heart. Bareheaded he,
Following the servant of the altar, leads
The reverential train. Before them, raised
On high, the sacred images are borne.
There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary bends
In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine, . .
A sight which almost to idolatry
Might win the soul by love. But who can gaze
Upon that other form, which on the rood
In agony is stretched? . . his hands transfixed,
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight;
The black and deadly paleness of his face,
Streaked with the blood which from that crown of scorn
Hath ceased to flow; the side wound streaming still:
And open still those eyes, from which the look
Not yet hath past away, that went to Heaven,
When, in that hour, the Son of Man exclaimed,

Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
And now arrived before the cave, the train
Halt: to the assembled elders, where they sate
Ranged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,
And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand.
Thereat was every human sound suppressed;
And every quickened ear and eager eye
Were centered on his lips.
The Prince began, . .
Hoamen, friends, brethren, . . friends we have been long,
And brethren shall be, ere the day go down, . .
I come not here propounding doubtful things,
For counsel, and deliberate resolve
Of searching thought; but with authority
From Heaven, to give the law, and to enforce
Obedience. Ye shall worship God alone,
The One Eternal. That Belovëd One
Ye shall not serve with offered fruits, or smoke
Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life;
Far other sacrifice he claims, . . a soul
Resigned, a will subdued, a heart made clean
From all offence. Not for your lots on earth,
Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,
For cunning in the chace, or strength in war,

Shall ye be judged hereafter;..as ye keep
The law of love, as ye shall tame your wrath,
Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,
Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will find
Your bliss or bale. This law came down from Heaven.
Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it came;
The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins
Of man He suffered thus, and by His death
Must all mankind be blest. Not knowing Him,
Ye wandered on in error; knowing now,
And not obeying, what was error once
Is guilt and wilful wrong. If ever more
Ye bow to your false deities the knee;
If ever more ye worship them with feast,
Or sacrifice or dance; whoso offends
Shall from among the people be cut off,
Like a corrupted member, lest he taint
The whole with death. With what appointed rites
Your homage must be paid, ye shall be taught;
Your children, in the way that they shall go,
Be trained from childhood up. Make, ye, meantime,
Your prayer to that Belovëd One, who sees
The secrets of all hearts; and set ye up
This, the memorial of his chosen Son,

And Her, who, blessëd among women, fed
The Appointed at Her breast, and by His cross
Endured intenser anguish; therefore sharing
His glory now, with sunbeams robed, the Moon
Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her crown.

Hoamen, ye deem us children of a race
Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by heaven
Beloved and favoured more. From this pure law
Hath all proceeded, .. wisdom, power, whate'er
Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe
For higher powers, and more exalted bliss.
Share then our law, and be with us, on earth,
Partakers of these blessings, and, in Heaven,
Co-heritors with us of endless joy.

Ere yet one breath or motion had disturbed
The reverential hush, Erillyab rose.
My people, said the Queen, their God is best
And mightiest. Him, to whom we offered up
Blood of our blood, and of our flesh the flesh,
Vainly we deemed divine; no spirit he
Of good or evil, by the conquering arm
Of Madoc mortal proved. What then remains

But that the blessing proffered thus in love,
In love we take? .. Deliverer, Teacher, Friend,
First in the fellowship of faith I claim
The initiatory rite.
I also, cried
The venerable Priest Ayayaca,
Old as I am, I also, like a child,
Would learn this wisdom yet before I die.
The Elders rose and answered, We and all!
And from the congregated tribe burst forth
One universal shout, .. Great is the God
Of Madoc, .. worthy to be served is He!

Then to the mountain rivulet, which rolled
Like amber over its dark bed of rock,
Did Madoc lead Erillyab, in the name
Of Jesus, to his Christian family
Accepted now. On her and on her son,
The Elders and the People, Llorien
Sprinkled the sanctifying waters. Day
Was scarcely two hours old when he began
His work, and when he ceased, the sun had past
The heights of noon. Ye saw that blessëd work,
Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deiniol,

Padarn, and Teilo! ye whose sainted names
Your monumental temples still record;
Thou, David, still revered, who in the vale,
Where, by old Hatteril's wintry torrents swoln,
Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream, didst chuse
Thy hermit home; and ye who by the sword
Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier Monk
Urged on the work of murder, for your faith
And freedom fell,.. Martyrs and Saints, ye saw
This triumph of the Cymry and the Cross,
And struck your golden harps to hymns of joy.

IX.

Olalala.

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc
Came from the ships, leading an Azteca
Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc, said the Bard,
Lo! the first captive of our arms I bring.
Alone, beside the river I had strayed,
When, from his lurking place, the savage hurled
A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,
From whence the blow was aimed, I turned in time,
And heard it whiz beside me. Well it was,
That from the ships they saw and succoured me;
For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,
He seemed all joint and flexure; nor had I
Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,
To battle all unused and unprepared;
But I too, here, upon this barbarous land,

Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.
This is no day
For vengeance, answered Madoc, else his deed
Had met no mercy. Freely let him go!
Perchance the tidings of our triumph here
May yet reclaim his country... Azteca,
Go, let your Pabas know that we have crushed
Their complots here; beneath our righteous sword
The Priest and his false Deity have fallen,
The Idols been consumed, and in their stead
The emblems of our holy faith set up,
Whereof the Hoamen have this day been made
Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too
Will make her temples clean, and put away
Her foul abominations, and accept
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then accords
Forgiveness for the past, and peace to come.
This better part let her, of her free will
And wisdom, chuse in time.
Till Madoc spake,
The captive reckless of his peril stood,
Gazing with resolute and careless eye,
As one in whom the lot of life or death

Moved neither fear nor feeling; but that eye
Now glowing with defiance,.. Seek ye peace?
He cried: O weak and woman-hearted man!
Already wouldst thou lay the sword to rest?
Not with the burial of the sword this strife
Must end, for never doth the Tree of Peace
Strike root and flourish till the strong man's hand
Upon his enemy's grave hath planted it.
Come ye to Aztlan then in quest of peace?
Ye feeble souls, if that be what ye seek
Fly hence! our Aztlan suffers on her soil
No living stranger.

Do thy bidding, Chief!
Calmly Cadwallon answered. To her choice
Let Aztlan look, lest what she now reject
In insolence of strength, she take upon her,
In sorrow and in suffering and in shame,
By strong compulsion, penitent too late.
Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant men
Freighted, a numerous force,.. and for our arms,..
Surely thy nation hath acquired of them
Disastrous knowledge.

Curse upon your arms!
Exclaimed the Savage:.. Is there one among you

Dare lay that cowardly advantage by,
And meet me, man to man, in honest strife?
That I might grapple with him, weaponless,
On yonder rock, breast against breast, fair force
Of limb and breath and blood, .. till one, or both,
Dash'd down the shattering precipice, should feed
The mountain eagle! .. Give me, I beseech you,
That joy!

As wisely, said Cynetha's son
Thy foe might challenge thee, and bid thee let
Thy strong right hand hang idle in the fray;
That so his weakness with thy strength might cope
In equal battle! .. Not in wrongful war,
The tyrants of our weaker brethëren,
Wield we these dreadful arms, .. but when assailed
By fraud and force, when called upon to aid
The feeble and oppressëd, shall we not
Then put our terrors forth, and thunder-strike
The guilty?

Silently the Savage heard;
Joy brightened in his eyes, as they unloosed
His bonds; he stretched his arms at length, to feel
His liberty, and, like a greyhound then
Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er the hills.

What was from early morning till noon day
The steady travel of a well-girt man,
He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,
In three short hours hath traversed; in the lake
He dashed, now shooting forth his pointed arms,
Arrow-like darting on; recumbent now,
Forces, with springing feet, his easier way;
Then, with new speed, as freshened by repose,
Again he breasts the waters. On the shore
Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will,
And wrings his dripping locks; then through the gate
Pursued his way.

Green garlands deck the gate;
Gay are the temples with green boughs affixed;
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
The fire of sacrifice, with flames bedimmed,
Burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims wait
Around, impatient of their death delayed.
The Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,
Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce
The footsteps of the God; for this the day,
When to his favoured city he vouchsafes
His annual presence, and, with unseen feet,
Imprints the maize-strewn threshold; followed soon

By all whose altars with eternal fires
Aztlan illumed, and fed with human blood;..
Mexitli, woman-born, who from the womb,
Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,
The armed avenger of his mother's fame;
And he whose will the subject winds obey,
Quetzalcoal; and Tlaloc, Water-God,
And all the host of Deities, whose power
Requites with bounty Aztlan's pious zeal,
Health and rich increase giving to her sons,
And withering in the war her enemies.
So taught the Priests, and therefore were the gates
Green-garlanded, the temples green with boughs,
The door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths;
And yonder victims, ranged around the fire,
Are destined, with the steam of sacrifice,
To greet their cursëd coming.
With the train
Of warrior Chiefs Coanacotzin stood,
That when the Priest proclaimed the entered God,
His lips before the present Deity
Might pour effectual prayer. The assembled Chiefs
Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now,
As one whose absence from the appointed rites

Had wakened fear and wonder... Think not ye,
The youth exclaimed, careless impiety
Could this day lead me wandering. I went forth
To dip my javelin in the Strangers' blood,..
A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had loved
To scent, and sooner hastened to enjoy.
I failed, and fell a prisoner; but their fear
Released me,.. coward fear, or idiot hope,
That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become
Their friend, and merit chastisement from Heaven,
Pleading the Strangers' cause. They bade me go
And proffer peace... Chiefs, were it possible
That tongue of mine could win you to that shame,
Up would I pluck the member, though my soul
Followed its bloody roots. The Stranger finds
No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death!

'Tis bravely said! Yuhidthiton replied,
And fairly mayest thou boast, young Tlalala,
For thou art brave in battle. Yet 'twere well
If that same fearless tongue were taught to check
Its boyish licence now. No law forbade
Our friendship with the Stranger, when my voice
Pleaded for proffered peace; that fault I shared

In common with the King, and with the Chiefs,
The Pabas and the People, none foreseeing
Danger or guilt: but when at length the Gods
Made evident their wrath in prodigies,
I yielded to their manifested will
My prompt obedience... Bravely hast thou said,
And brave thou art, young Tyger of the War!
But thou hast dealt with other enemies
Than these impenetrable men,.. with foes,
Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with tame weakness brook captivity.
When thou hast met the Strangers in the fight,
And in the doings of that fight outdone
Yuhidthiton, revile him then for one
Slow to defend his country and his faith:
Till then, with reverence, as beseems thy youth,
Respect thou his full fame!

I wrong it not!

I wrong it not! cried the young Azteca;
But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honour thy well-earned glory... But this peace!..
Renounce it!.. say that it shall never be!..
Never,.. as long as there are Gods in Heaven,
Or men in Aztlan!

That, the King replied,
The Gods themselves have answered. Never yet
By holier ardour were our countrymen
Possessed: peace-offerings of repentance fill
The temple courts; from every voice ascends
The contrite prayer; daily the victim's heart
Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven;
And if the aid divine may be procured
By the most dread solemnities of faith,
And rigour of severest penitence,
Soon shall the present influence strengthen us,
And Aztlan be triumphant.

While they spake,
The ceaseless sound of song and instrument
Rung through the air, now rising like the voice
Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,
As when the breeze of evening dies away.
The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollowed wood,
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,
Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral roar,
Closed the full harmony. And now the eve
Past on, and, through the twilight visible,
The frequent fire-flies' brightening beauties shone.

Anxious and often now the Priest surveyed
The maize-strewn threshold; for the wonted hour
Was come, and yet no footstep of the God!
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,
Fed to full fury, blazed, and its red smoke
Imparted to the darker atmosphere
Such obscure light, as, o'er Vesuvio seen,
Or pillared upon Etna's mountain-head,
Makes darkness dreadful. In the captives' cheeks
Then might a livid paleness have been seen,
And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,
Expecting momently the pang of death.
Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,
Which none durst mention, lest his neighbour's fears,
Divulged, should strengthen his: . . the hour was past,
And yet no foot had marked the sprinkled maize!

X.

The Arrival of the Gods.

Now every moment gave their doubts new force,
And each alarmëd eye disclosed the fear
Which on the tongue was trembling, when to the King,
Emaciate like some bare anatomy,
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,
Immured amid the forest, had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer
Passing his nights and days: thus did the Gods
From their High Priest exact, when they enforced,
By danger or distress, the penance due
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten months
Praying and fasting and in solitude,
Till now might every bone of his lean limbs
Be told, and in his starved and bony face
The living eye appeared unnatural, . .
A ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he began, ..
O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not come;
They will not come before the Strangers' blood
Smoke on their altars: but they have beheld
My days of prayer, and nights of watchfulness,
And fasts austere, and bloody disciplines,
And have revealed their pleasure. Who is here,
Who to the White King's dwelling-place dare go,
And execute their will?
Scarce had he said,
When Tlalala exclaimed, I am the man.

Hear then! Tezozomoc replied... Ye know
That self-denial and long penance purge
The film and foulness of mortality,
For more immediate intercourse with Heaven
Preparing the pure spirit; and all eyes
May witness that with no relaxing zeal
I have performed my duty. Much I feared
For Aztlan's sins, and oft, in bitterness,
Have groaned and bled for her iniquity;
But chiefly for this solemn day the fear
Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,

Estranged, should turn away, and we be left
A spiritless and God-abandoned race,
A warning to the earth: Ten weary months
Have the raw maize and running water been
My only food; but not a grain of maize
Hath stayed the gnawing appetite, nor drop
Of water cooled my parched and painful tongue,
Since yester morn arose. Fasting I prayed,
And, praying, gashed myself; and all night long,
I watched and wept and supplicated Heaven,
Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost drained,
Sunk with the long austerity: a dread
Of death came over me; a deathy chill
Ran through my veins, and loosened every limb;
Dim grew mine eyes; and I could feel my heart
Dying away within me, intermit
Its slow and feeble throbs, then suddenly
Start, as it seemed exerting all its force
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,
I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,
But without motion, hearing, sight, or sense,
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that strange state,
Even in such blessed freedom from all pain,
That sure I thought myself in very Heaven,

I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld
A light which seemed to penetrate my bones
With life and health. Before me, visible,
Stood Coatlantona; a wreath of flowers
Circled her hair, and from their odorous leaves
Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully,
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly flowers;
From these, for ever flowing forth, there played,
In one perpetual dance of pointed light,
The azure radiance of innocuous fire.
She spake... Hear, Aztlan! and give ear, O King!
She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax
Their anger; they require the Strangers' blood,
The foretaste of their banquet. Let their will
Be known to Aztlan, and the brave perform
Their bidding; I, meantime, will seek to soothe,
With all a mother's power, Mexitli's wrath.
So let the Maidens daily with fresh flowers
Garland my temple!.. Daily with fresh flowers
Garland her temple, Aztlan! and revere
The gentle mother of thy guardian God!

And let the brave, exclaimed young Tlalala,
Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods,

Declare their will! .. Is it, that I should seek
The Strangers, in the first who meets my way
To plunge the holy weapon? Say thou to me
Do this; .. and I depart to do the deed,
Though my life-blood should mingle with the foe's.

O brave young Chief! Tezozomoc replied,
With better fortune may the grateful Gods
Reward thy valour! deed so hazardous
They ask not. Couldst thou from the mountain holds
Tempt one of these accursëd to pursue
Thine artful flight, an ambushed band might rise
Upon the unsuspecting enemy,
And intercept return; then hitherward
The captive should be led, and Aztlan's Gods
On their own altars see the sacrifice,
Well pleased, and Aztlan's sons, inspirited,
Behold the omen of assured success.
Thou knowest that Tlaloc's annual festival
Is close at hand. A Stranger's child would prove
A victim, whose rare value would deserve
His certain favour. More I need not say.
Chuse thou the force for ambush; and thyself

Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek
The mountain dwellers.
Instant as he ceased,
Ocellopan exclaimed, I go with thee,
O Tlalala! My friend!.. If one alone
Could have the honour of this enterprize,
My love might yield it thee;.. but thou wilt need
A comrade... Tlalala, I go with thee!

The Chief replied, Whom should my heart select,
Its tried companion else, but thee, so oft
My brother in the battle? We will go,
Shedder of blood! together will we go,
Now, ere the midnight!
Nay! the Priest exclaimed,
A little while delay; and, ere ye go,
Devote yourselves to Heaven! Feebly he spake,
Like one exhausted; gathering then new force,
As with laborious effort, he pursued,..
Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood,
And go beneath his guidage. I have yet
Strength to officiate, and to bless your zeal.

So saying, to the Temple of the God
He led the way. The warriors followed him;
And, with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,
To grace with all solemnity the rite.
They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend
The massive fabric; four times they surround
Its ample square, the fifth they reach the height.
There, on the level top, two temple-towers
Were reared; the one Tezcalipoca's fane,
Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest
Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed
The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile,
By whose peculiar power and patronage
Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.
Before the entrance, the eternal fire
Was burning; bare of foot they entered there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Circled with stretching neck and fangs displayed,
Mexitli sate; another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk.
Around the neck a loathsome collar hung,
Of human hearts; the face was masked with gold

His specular eyes seemed fire; one hand upreared
A club, the other, as in battle, held
The shield; and over all, suspended, hung
The banner of the nation. They beheld
In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.

Guardian of Aztlan! cried Tezozomoc,
Who to thy mortal mother hast assigned
The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets
And herbs and flowers, giving her endless life,
A Deity among the Deities;
While Coatlantona implores thy love
To thine own people, they in fear approach
Thy awful fane, who know no fear beside,
And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,
The blood of heroes!
To the ready Chiefs
He turned, and said, Now stretch your arms, and make
The offering to the God. They their bare arms
Stretched forth, and stabbed them with the aloe-point.
Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc
Received the mingled streams, and held it up
Toward the giant Idol, and exclaimed,
Terrible God! Protector of our realm!

Receive thine incense! Let the steam of blood
Ascend to thee, delightful! So mayest thou
Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid;
And these blaspheming strangers from the earth
Be swept away; as erst the monster race
Of Mammuth, Heaven's fierce ministers of wrath
Who drained the lakes in thirst, and for their food
Exterminated nations. And as when,
Their dreadful ministry of death fulfilled,
Ipalnemoani, by whom we live,
Bade thee go forth, and with thy lightnings fill
The vault of Heaven, and with thy thunders rock
The rooted earth, till of the monster race
Only their monumental bones remained, . .
So arm thy favoured people with thy might,
Terrible God! and purify the land
From these blaspheming foes!
He said, and gave
Ocellopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have poured
Your strength and courage to the Terrible God,
Devoted to his service; take ye now
The beverage he hath hallowed. In your youth
Ye have quaffed manly blood, that manly thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts; so now with this,

Which, mingling, from such noble veins hath flowed,
Increase of valour drink, and added force.
Ocellopan received the bloody vase,
And drank, and gave in silence to his friend
The consecrated draught; then Tlalala
Drained off the offering. Braver blood than this
My lips can never taste! quoth he; but soon
Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup,..
The Stranger's life!
Are all the rites performed?
Ocellopan enquired. Yea, all is done,
Answered the Priest. Go! and the guardian God
Of Aztlan be your guide!
They left the fane.
Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by
The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up
A long blue flame. He started; he exclaimed,
The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's Priest
Echoed the welcome cry, The God! the God!
For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-strewn floor!
A mighty shout from all the multitude
Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire
The victims, whose last shrieks of agony
Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.

Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's depth
Swelled the full roar, and from the hollow wood
Pealed deeper thunders. Round the choral band,
The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes,
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,
Moved in the solemn dance; each in his hand,
In measured movements, lifts the feathery shield,
And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds.
With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs without,
Equal in number, but in just array,
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,
Revolve; and, outermost, the youths roll round,
In motions rapid as their quickened blood.
So thus, with song and harmony, the night
Past on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.

XI.

The Capture.

MEANTIME from Aztlan, on their enterprize,
Shedder of Blood and Tyger of the War,
Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth.
With chosen followers, through the silent night,
Silent they travelled on. After a way
Circuitous and far through lonely tracks,
They reached the mountains, and amid the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultured slope,
Their patient ambush placed. The chiefs alone
Held on, till winding in ascent they reached
The heights which o'er the Briton's mountain hold
Impended; there they stood, and by the moon
Who yet, with undiminished lustre, hung
High in the dark blue firmament, from thence
Explored the steep descent. Precipitous
The rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff

Bare and unbroken; in its midway holes,
Where never hand could reach, nor eye intrude,
The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,
Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offered a difficult way. From crag to crag,
By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,
A painful toil and perilous, they past.
And now, stretched out amid the matted shrubs,
Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed
The rugged bank, they crouched.
By this the stars
Grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp;
The owls have ceased their night-song. On the top
Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
Hath marked the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near,
Beneath the shelter of a half-roofed hut,
A sleeping stranger lay. He pointed him
To Tlalala. The Tyger looked around:
None else was nigh. Shall I descend, he said,

And strike him? here is none to see the deed.
We offered to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
An offering which shall more propitiate them,
And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill!
He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams
Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he loved.
The Azteca stood over him; he knew
His victim, and the power of vengeance gave
Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped my arm:
But what shall save thee now? the Tyger thought,
Exulting; and he raised his spear to strike.
That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen harp
The gale of morning past, and swept its strings
Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
It semed no earthly tone. The savage man
Suspends his stroke; he looks astonished round;
No human hand is near;.. and hark! again
The aërial music swells and dies away.
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear:

He thought that some protecting spirit lived
Beside the Stranger, and, abashed, withdrew.

A God protects him! to Ocellopan,
Whispering, he said. Didst thou not hear the sound
Which entered into me, and fixed my arm
Powerless above him?
Was it not a voice
From thine own Gods, to strengthen thee, replied
His sterner comrade, and make evident
Their pleasure in the deed?
Nay! Tlalala
Rejoined; they speak in darkness and in storms:
The thunder is their voice, that peals through Heaven,
Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth rock
In tempest, and destroys the sons of men.
It was no sound of theirs, Ocellopan!
No voice to hearten, . . for I felt it pass
Unmanning every limb; yea, it relaxed
The sinews of my soul. Shedder of Blood,
I cannot lift my hand against the man.
Go, if thy heart be stronger!
But mean time
Young Caradoc arose, of his escape

Unconscious; and by this the stirring sounds
Of day began, increasing now, as all
Now to their toil betake them. Some go fell
The stately wood; some from the tree low-laid
Hew the huge boughs; here round the fire they char
The stake-points; here they level with a line
The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles,
Or, interknitting them with osiers, weave
The wicker wall; others along the lake,
From its shoal waters gather reeds and canes, ..
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
The woodman's measured stroke, the regular saw,
The wain slow-creaking, and the voice of man,
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,
Cheering his labour with a cheerful song,
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas,
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place
Couched close and still, observant for their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all,
From place to place moved Madoc, and beheld
The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side
Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle's side
Courting indulgent love. And now they came

Beside the half-roofed hut of Caradoc;
Of all the mountain-dwellings that the last.
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
Would quit his Uncle's hold, and haste away,
With childhood's frolic speed, then laugh aloud,
To tempt pursuit, now running to the huts,
Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.
But wheresoe'er he turned, Ocellopan
With hunter-eye pursued his heedless course,
In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me!
The little wretch toward his lurking place
Draws near, and calls on Madoc; and the Prince
Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not
The childish lure! nearer the covert now
Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again;
Then like a lion, from his couching place
Ocellopan leapt forth, and seized his prey.

Loud shrieked the affrighted child, as in his arms
The savage graspt him; startled at the cry,
Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.
Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet
He follows, and he now almost hath reached
The incumbered ravisher, and hope inspires

New speed, . . yet nearer now, and nearer still,
And lo! the child holds out his little arms!
That instant, as the Prince almost had laid
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc's strength,
With frantic fury, shook him from his hold,
Far down the steep Ocellopan had fled.
Ah! what avails it now, that they, by whom
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
Have missed their Chief, and spread the quick alarm?
What now avails it, that, with distant aid,
His gallant men come down? Regarding nought
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian's grief,
He rushes on; and ever as he draws
Near to the child, the Tyger Tlalala
Impedes his way; and now they reach the place
Of ambush, and the ambushed band arise,
And Madoc is their prisoner.

Caradoc,
In vain thou leadest on the late pursuit!
In vain, Cadwallon, thy alarmëd love
Caught the first sound of evil! They pour out
Tumultuous, from the vale, a half-armed troop;
Each with such weapons as his hasty hand

Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,
Your valour boots not! It avails not now,
With such fierce onset that ye charge the foe,
And drive with such full force the weapon home!
They, while ye slaughter them, impede pursuit,
And far away, mean time, their comrades bear
The prisoner Prince. In vain his noble heart
Swells now with wild and suffocating rage;
In vain he struggles: they have bound his limbs
With the tough osier, and his struggles now
But bind more close and cuttingly the band.
They hasten on; and while they bear the prize,
Leaving their ill-doomed fellows in the fight
To check pursuit, foremost afar of all,
With unabating strength by joy inspired,
Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

XII.

Noel.

Good tidings travel fast... The chief is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale,..
Joy,.. joy to Aztlan! the Blood-shedder comes!
Tlaloc hath given his victim.
Ah, poor child!
They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maids,
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and, while, thinking of thy doom,
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast
With deeper love, delighted think that thou
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child, admires
The strange array; with wonder he beholds
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plumy crowns,

And gazes round and round, where all was new,
Forgetful of his fears. But when the Priest
Approached to take him from the Warrior's arms,
Then Hoel screamed, and from that hideous man
Averting, to Ocellopan he turned,
And would have clung to him, so dreadful late,
Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect
Which nature with her harshest characters
Had featured, art made worse. His cowl was white;
His untrimmed hair, a long and loathsome mass,
With cotton cords intwisted, clung with gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every morn,
He from his temples drew before the God,
In sacrifice: bare were his arms, and smeared
Black: but his countenance a stronger dread
Than all the horrors of that outward garb,
Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart;
It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturbed;
Which, when he probed a victim's living breast,
Retained its hard composure.

Such was he
Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not

His cries and screams, and arms in suppliant guise,
Stretched out to all around, and strugglings vain.
He to the Temple of the Water-God
Conveyed his victim. By the threshold, there
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band
Of high-born damsels, to the temple rites
By pious parents vowed. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks
No fear excited; and he gazed around,
Pleased and surprised, unconscious to what end
These things were tending. O'er the rush-strewn floor
They to the azure Idol led the boy,
Now not reluctant, and they raised the hymn.

God of the Waters! at whose will the streams
Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse
Their plenty round, the blood and life of earth;
At whose command they swell, and o'er their banks
Burst with resistless ruin, making vain
The toils and hopes of man, . . behold this child!
O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks,
And bless the labours of the husbandman.

God of the Mountains! at whose will the clouds
Cluster around the heights; who sendëst them
To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
Spread their green freshness; at whose voice the hills
Grow black with storms; whose wrath the thunder speaks,
Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning shafts,
To blast the works of man;.. behold this child!
O, strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,
And bid the genial rains and dews descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful God!
Companion and Belovëd!.. when he treads
The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses round
The sweets of summer; when he rides the waves,
Whose presence is the sunshine and the calm,..
Aiauh, O green-robed Goddess, see this child!
Behold thy victim! so mayest thou appease
The sterner mind of Tlaloc when he frowns,
And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering smile.

Young Spirits! ye whom Aztlan's piety

Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,
For aye, the cool delights of Tlalocan, . .
Young Spirits of the happy; who have left
Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants here, . .
Behold your comrade! see the chosen child,
Who through the lonely cave of death must pass,
Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

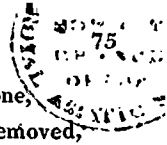
Now from the rush-strewn temple they depart.
They place their smiling victim in a car,
Upon whose sides of pearly shell there played,
Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.
On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,
With dance before, and song and music round;
And thus they seek, in festival array,
The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,
All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers:
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Ten boatmen urge them on; the Priests behind
Follow, and all the long solemnity.
The lake is overspread with boats; the sun
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmin bowers,

Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,
In modulated motion, rise and fall.
The moving multitude along the shore
Flows like a stream; bright shines the unclouded sky;
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.
Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp;
His heart throbs joyfully; and if he thinks
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath when he returns. Meantime the maids
Weave garlands for his head, and pour the song.

Oh, happy thou, whom early from the world
The gods require! not by the wasting worm
Of sorrow cankered, nor condemned to feel
The pang of sickness, nor the wound of war,
Nor the long miseries of protracted age;
But called in youth the chosën of the God,
To share his joys! Soon shall thy rescued soul,
Child of the Stranger! in his blissful world,
Mix with the blessëd spirits; for not thine,
Amid the central darkness of the earth,
To endure the eternal void;.. not thine to live,
Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,

In the long horrors of one endless night,
With endless being curst. For thee the bowers
Of Tlalocan have blossomed with new sweets;
For thee have its immortal trees matured
The fruits of Heaven; thy comrades even now
Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of bliss,
The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,
And Aiauh love thee with a mother's love.
Child of the Stranger! dreary is thy way!
Darkness and Famine through the cave of Death
Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on that night
The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of death,
With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars,
And through the water swift they glided on.
And now to shore they drew. The stately bank
Rose, with the majesty of woods o'erhung,
And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glassing its dark, deep waters. Half way up,
A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot
Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam reached
Its long recesses and mysterious gloom



To Tlaloc it was hallowed; and the stone,
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Save when the yearly festival returned,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. Up the winding path,
That to the entrance of the cavern led,
With many a painful step, the train ascend:
But many a time, upon that long ascent,
Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness
Exhausted now. They urge him on, .. poor child!
They urge him on! .. Where is Cadwallon's aid?
Where is the sword of Ririd? where the arm
Of Madoc now? .. Oh! better had he lived,
Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's plain,
And trod upon his noble father's grave,
With peasant feet, unconscious! .. They have reached
The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests
Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force
The son of Llaian. A cold air comes out; ..
It chills him, and his feet recoil; .. in vain
His feet recoil; .. in vain he turns to fly,
Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreads
Around; .. the den is closed, and he is left
In solitude and darkness, .. left to die!

XIII.

Coatel.

THAT morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone,
In search of flowers, amid the woods and crags,
To deck the shrine of Coatlantona;
Such flowers as in the solitary wilds
Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth
More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to her
A grateful task; not only for she fled
Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use
Nor frequent custom could familiarize
Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off
All womanly feeling;.. but that from all eyes
Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,
She, in that solitude, might send her soul
To where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.
She, from the summit of the woodland heights,
Gazed on the lake below. The sound of song
And instrument, in softened harmony,

Had reached her where she strayed; and she beheld
The pomp, and listened to the floating sounds,
A moment, with delight: but then a fear
Came on her, for she knew with what design
The Tyger and Ocellopan had sought
The dwellings of the Cymry... Now the boats
Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger's child.
She watched them land below; she saw them wind
The ascent:.. and now from that abhorrëd cave
The stone is rolled away,.. and now the child
From light and life is caverned. Coatel
Thought of his mother then, of all the ills
Her fear would augur, and how worse than all
Which even a mother's maddening fear could feign,
His dreadful fate. She thought of this, and bowed
Her face upon her knees, and closed her eyes,
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake beside,
A rustling startled her, and from the shrubs,
A Vulture rose.

She moved toward the spot,
Led by an idle impulse, as it seemed,
To view from whence the carrion bird had fled.
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm
Which pierced the hill: upon its mossy sides

Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant grew;
And jutting crags made easy the descent.
A little way descending, Coatel
Stoopt for the flowers, and heard, or thought she heard,
A feeble sound below. She raised her head,
And anxiously she listened for the sound,
Not without fear... Feebly again, and like
A distant cry, it came; and then she thought,
Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child,
By the slow pain of hunger doomed to die.
She shuddered at the thought, and breathed a groan
Of unavailing pity;..but the sound
Came nearer, and her trembling heart conceived
A dangerous hope. The Vulture from that chasm
Had fled, perchance accustomed in the cave
To seek his banquet, and by living feet
Alarmed:.. there was an entrance then below;
And were it possible that she could save
The Stranger's child,.. Oh what a joy it were
To tell Lincoya that!
It was a thought
Which made her heart with terror and delight
Throb audibly. From crag to crag she past
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave

Enter the hill. A little way the light
Fell, .. but its feeble glimmering she herself
Obstructed half, as stooping in she went.
The arch grew loftier, and the increasing gloom
Filled her with more affright ; and now she paused;
For at a sudden and abrupt descent
She stood, and feared its unseen depth ; her heart
Failed, and she back had hastened; but the cry
Reached her again, the near and certain cry
Of that most pitiable innocent.
Again adown the dark descent she looked,
Straining her eyes ; by this the strengthened sight
Had grown adapted to the gloom around,
And her dilated pupils now received
Dim sense of objects near. Something below,
White, in the darkness lay: it marked the depth.
Still Coatel stood dubious; but she heard
The wailing of the child, and his loud sobs ; ..
Then, clinging to the rock, with fearful hands,
Her feet explored below, and twice she felt
Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relaxed.
The sound she made, along the hollow rock
Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he came
Groping along the side. A dim, dim light

Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre;
A human form drew near him;.. he sprang on,
Screaming with joy, and clung to Coatel,
And cried, O take me from this dismal place!
She answered not; she understood him not;
But clasped the little victim to her breast,
And shed delightful tears.

But from that den
Of darkness and of horror, Coatel
Durst not convey the child, though in her heart
There was a female tenderness which yearned,
Even with maternal love, to cherish him.
She hushed his clamours, fearful lest the sound
Might reach some other ear; she kissed away
The tears that streamed adown his little cheeks;
She gave him food which in the morn she brought,
For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some few words
Of Britain's ancient language she had learnt
From her Lincoya, in those happy days
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Stranger's friend:
Aptly she learnt, what willingly he taught,
Terms of endearment, and the parting words
Which promised quick return. She on the child,
The endearing phrase bestowed; and if it chanced

Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult sound
Checked her heart's utterance, then the gentle tone,
The fond caress, intelligibly spake
Affection's language.
But when she arose,
And would have climbed the assent, the affrighted boy
Close clasped her, and his tears interpreted
The prayer to leave him not. Again she kissed
His tears away; again of soon return
Assured and soothed him; till reluctantly
And weeping, but in silence, he unloosed
His grasp; and up the difficult ascent
Coatel climbed, and to the light of day
Returning, with her flowers she hastened home.

XIV.

The Stone of Sacrifice.

WHO comes to Aztlan, bounding like a deer
Along the plain? .. The herald of success;
For lo! his locks are braided, and his loins
Cinctured with white; and see, he lifts the shield,
And brandishes the sword. The populace
Flock round, impatient for the tale of joy,
And follow to the palace in his path.
Joy! joy! the Tyger hath achieved his quest!
They bring a captive home! .. Triumphantly
Coanocotzin and his Chiefs go forth
To greet the youth triumphant, and receive
The victim whom the gracious gods have given,
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A women leads the train, young, beautiful, ..
More beautiful for that translucent joy
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in her eye; ..
Her hair is twined with festal flowers, her robe

With flowing wreaths adorned; she holds a child,
He, too, bedecked and garlanded with flowers,
And, lifting him, with agile force of arm,
In graceful action, to harmonious step
Accordant, leads the dance. It is the wife
Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband.

And behold
The Tyger comes! and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight
Loud rose the glad acclaim; nor knew they yet
That he who there lay patient in his bonds,
Expecting the inevitable lot,
Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he lay,
Exhausted with vain efforts, desperate now,
And silently resigned. But when the King
Approached the prisoner, and beheld his face,
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound
Electric joy shot through the multitude,
And, like the raging of the hurricane,
Their thundering transports pealed. A deeper joy,
A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,
As, limb by limb, his eye surveyed the Prince,

With a calm fierceness. And by this the Priests
Approached their victim, clad in vestments white
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell,
As from the breast, unbending, broad and straight,
Leaving their black arms bare. The blood-red robe,
The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,
The crown of glossy plumage, whose green hue
Vied with his emerald ear-drops, marked their Chief,
Tezozomoc: his thin and ghastly cheek,
Which,.. save the temple serpents, when he brought
Their human banquet,.. never living eye
Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly now,
As, in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murtherous hand. But as he spake,
Updarted Tlalala his eagle glance...
Away! away! he shall not perish so!
The warrior cried... Not tamely, by the knife,
Nor on the jaspar-stone, his blood shall flow!
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest!
I am their Priest to-day!
A murmuring
Ran through the train; nor waited he to hear
Denial thence; but on the multitude
Aloud he called... When first our fathers seized

This land, there was a savage Chief who stopt
Their progress. He had gained the rank he bore,
By long probation: stripes, which laid his flesh
All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint;
Not, when the working bowels might be seen,
One movement: hand-bound, he had been confined
Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Infixed their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame: last, in a net
Suspended, he had felt the agony
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow pierced,
And breathed the suffocating smoke which filled
His lungs with fire, without a groan, a breath,
A look betokening sense; so gallantly
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man
Met Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs
To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot
How from the slaughtered brother of their King
He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies. With this man
My father coped in battle; here he led him,
An offering to the God; and, man to man,
He slew him here in fight. I was a child,
Just old enough to lift my father's shield;

But I remember, on that glorious day,
When from the sacred combat he returned,
His red hands reeking with the hot heart's blood,
How in his arms he took me, and besought
The God whom he had served, to bless his boy,
And make me like my father. Men of Aztlan!
Mexitli heard his prayer!.. Here I have brought
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
That ever graced the altar of the God;
Let then his death be noble! so my boy
Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
And as I followed my brave father's steps,
Pursue my path of glory.

Ere the Priest
Could frame denial, had the Monarch's look
Bespake assent... Refuse not this, he cried,
O servant of the Gods! He hath not here
His arms to save him; and the Tyger's strength
Yields to no mortal might. Then for his sword
He called, and bade Yuhidthiton address
The Stranger-Chief.

Yuhidthiton began,
The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy blood
Must wet their altars. Prince, thou shalt not die

The coward's death; but, sworded, and in fight,
Fall as becomes the valiant. Should thine arm
Subdue in battle six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory, will repay
The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not this!
Strong are the brave of Aztlan!
Then they loosed
The Ocean Chieftain's bonds; they rent away
His garments; and, with songs and shouts of joy,
They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.
Round was that Stone of blood! the half-raised arm
Of one of manly growth, who stood below,
Might rest upon its height; the circle small,
An active boy might almost bound across.
Nor needed, for the combat, ampler space;
For in the centre was the prisoner's foot
Fast fettered down. Thus fettered Madoc stood.
He held a buckler, light and small, of cane
O'erlaid with beaten gold; his sword the King,
Honouring a noble enemy, had given,
A weapon tried in war, . . to Madoc's grasp
Strange and unwieldy: 'twas a broad strong staff,
Set thick with transverse stones, on either side
Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when he felt

The weapon, Madoc called to mind his deeds
Done on the Saxon in his father's land,
And hope arose within him. Nor, though now
Naked he stood, did fear, for that, assail
His steady heart; for often had he seen
His gallant countrymen, with naked breasts,
Rush on their iron-coated enemy,
And win the conquest.

Now hath Tlalala
Arrayed himself for battle. First he donned
A gipion, quilted close of gossampine;
O'er that a jointed mail of plates of gold,
Bespotted like the tyger's speckled pride,
To speak his rank; it clad his arms half-way,
Half-way his thighs; but cuishes had he none,
Nor gauntlets, nor feet-armour. On his helm
There yawned the semblance of a tyger's head,
The long white teeth extended, as for prey;
Proud crest, to blazon his proud title forth.
And now toward the fatal stage, equipped
For war, he went; when, from the press behind,
A warrior's voice was heard, and clad in arms,
And shaking in his angry grasp the sword,
Ocellopan rushed on, and called aloud

On Tlalala, and claimed the holy fight.
The Tyger, heedless of his clamour, sprung
Upon the stone, and turned him to the war.
Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopan,
And bounded up the ascent, and seized his arm: . .
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this?
Equal our peril in the enterprize,
Equal our merit; . . thou wouldst reap alone
The guerdon! Never shall my children lift
Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo! there
The Chief who slew the White King! . . Tlalala,
Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and prove,
By the best chance to which the brave appeal,
Who best deserves this glory!
Stung by wrath,
The Tyger answered not; he raised his sword,
And they had rushed to battle; but the Priests
Came hastening up, and by their common Gods,
And by their common country, bade them cease
Their impious strife, and let the lot decide
From whom Mexitli should that day receive
His noble victim. Both unsatisfied,
But both obedient, heard. Two equal shafts,
As outwardly they seemed, the Paba brought;

His mantle hid their points; and Tlalala
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter smile
Darkened his cheek, as angrily he cast
To earth the hostile lot... Shedder of Blood,
Thine is the first adventure! he exclaimed;
But thou mayest perish here!.. and in his heart,
The Tyger hoped Ocellopan might fall,
As sullenly retiring from the stage,
He mingled with the crowd.

And now opposed
In battle, on the Stone of Sacrifice,
Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer stood.
This clad in arms complete, free to advance
In quick assault, or shun the threatened blow,
Wielding his wonted sword; the other, stript,
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pinned down,
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocellopan
Surveyed his foe, and wondered to behold
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of Madoc, too,
Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was calm,

Something more pale than wonted; like a man
Prepared to meet his death. The Azteca
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheeled
The rapid sword: still Madoc's rapid eye
Pursued the motion, and his ready shield,
In prompt interposition, caught the blow,
Or turned its edge aside. Nor did the Prince
Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it forth,
Another shield, to save him, till his hand,
Familiar with its weight and shape uncouth,
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus he stood,
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
Waxed wrathful, thus to waste in idle strokes,
Reiterate so oft' his bootless strength.
And now yet more exasperate he grew;
For, from the eager multitude, was heard,
Amid the din of undistinguished sounds,
The Tyger's murmured name, as though they thought,
Had he been on the stone, ere this, besure,
The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delayed. Then fiercelier,
And yet more rapidly, he drove the sword;
But still the wary Prince or met its fall,

And broke the force, or bent him from the blow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provoked,
And baffled still the savage; and sometimes,
With cautious strength did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with abler sway
The acquainted sword. But, though as yet unharmed
In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momently; for, with repeated strokes,
Battered and broken now, the shield hung loose;
And shouts of triumph from the multitude
Arose, as, piece-meal, they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince exposed.
That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocellopan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient now
Of conquest long delayed, with wilder rage
He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted sword
Received its edge, and shivered with the blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all around;
For lo! the White King, shieldless, weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage foe,
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment to enjoy the sight,

Then yelled in triumph, and sprang on to give
The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
The coming death; he darted up his hand
Instinctively to save, and caught the wrist
In its mid fall, and drove with desperate force
The splintered truncheon of his broken sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and where the nasal nerves
Branch in fine fibrils o'er their mazy seat,
Burst through, and slanting upward in the brain
Buried its jagged point.

Madoc himself
Stood at his fall astonished, at escape
Unhoped, and strange success. The multitude
Beheld, and they were silent, and they stood
Gazing in terror. But far other thoughts
Rose in the Tyger's heart; it was a joy
To Tlalala; and forth he sprung, and up
The Stone of Sacrifice, and called aloud
To bring the Prince another sword and shield,
For his last strife. Then in that interval,
Upon Ocellopan he fixed his eyes,
Contemplating the dead, as though thereby
To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst

For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the sting
Of anger wanting, when, in Tlalala,
He knew the captive whom his mercy freed,
The man whose ambush had that day destroyed
Young Hoel and himself;.. for, sure, he deemed
Young Hoel was with God, and he himself
At his death-day arrived. And now he graspt
A second sword, and held again the shield;
And from the Stone of Blood Ocellopan
Was borne away; and, fresh in arms, and fierce
With all that makes a savage thirst for war,
Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious hate,
A second foe came on. By this the Prince
Could wield his weapon well; and dreading now
Lest, in protracted combat, he should stand
Again defenceless, he put forth his strength,
As oft assailing as assailed, and watched
So well the Tyger's motions, and received
The Tyger's blows so warily, and aimed
His own so fierce and fast, that in the crowd
Doubt and alarm prevailed. Ilanquel grew
Pale at her husband's danger; and she clasped
The infant to her breast, whom late she held
On high, to see his victory. The throng

Of the beholders silently looked on;
And in their silence might at times be heard
An indrawn breath of terror; and the Priests
Angrily murmured, that, in evil hour,
Coanocotzin had indulged the pride
Of vaunting valour, and from certain death
Reprieved the foe.

But now a murmur rose
Amid the multitude; and they who stood
So thickly thronged, and with such eager eyes
Late watched the fight, hastily now broke up,
And with disordered speed and sudden arms,
Ran to the city gates. More eager now,
Conscious of what had chanced, fought Tlalala;
And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;
For well he weened Cadwallon was at hand,
Leading his gallant friends. Aright he weened;
At hand Cadwallon was! His gallant friends
Came from the mountains with impetuous speed,
To save or to revenge. Nor long endured
The combat now: the Priests ascend the stone,
And bid the Tyger hasten to defend
His country and his Gods; and, hand and foot,
Binding the captive Prince, they bear him thence

And lay him in the temple. Then his heart
Resigned itself to death, and Madoc thought
Of Llaian and Goervyl; and he felt
That death was dreadful. But not so the King
Permitted; but not so had Heaven decreed;
For noble was the King of Aztlan's heart,
And pure his tongue from falsehood: he had said,
That by the warrior's death should Madoc die;
Nor dared the Pabas violently break
The irrevocable word. There Madoc lay
In solitude; the distant battle reached
His ear; inactive and in bonds he lay,
Expecting the dread issue, and almost
Wished for the perils of the fight again.

XV.

The Battle.

Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons
Of Aztlan, nor defenceless were her walls;
But when the Britons' distant march was seen,
A ready army issued from her gates,
And dight themselves to battle: these the King
Coanocotzin had, with timely care,
And provident for danger, thus arrayed.
Forth issuing from the gates, they met the foe,
And with the sound of sonorous instruments,
And with their shouts and screams and yells, drove back
The Britons' fainter war-cry, as the swell
Of ocean, flowing onward, up its course
Forces the river-stream. Their darts and stones
Fell like the rain-drops of the summer-shower,
So fast; and on the helmet and the shield,
On the strong corselet and the netted mail,
So innocent they fell. But not in vain

The bowmen of Deheubarth sent, that day,
Their iron bolts abroad; those wingëd deaths
Descended on the naked multitude,
And through the chieftain's quilted gossampine,
Through feathery breastplate and effulgent gold,
They reached the life.
But soon no interval
For archer's art was left, nor scope for flight
Of stone from whirling sling: both hosts, alike
Impatient for the proof of war, press on;
The Aztecas, to shun the arrowy storm,
The Cymry, to release their Lord, or heap
Aztlan in ruins, for his monument.
Spear against spear, and shield to shield, and breast
To breast they met; equal in force of limb
And strength of heart, in resolute resolve,
And stubborn effort of determined wrath:
The few, advantaged by their iron mail;
The weaklier armed, of near retreat assured
And succour close at hand, in tenfold troop
Their foemen overnumbering. And of all
That mighty multitude, did every man
Of either host, alike inspired by all
That stings to will and strengthens to perform,

Then put forth all his power; for well they knew
Aztlan that day must triumph or must fall.
Then sword and mace on helm and buckler rang,
And hurtling javelins whirred along the sky.
Nor when they hurled the javelin, did the sons
Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose
The lance, to serve them for no second stroke;
A line of ample measure still retained
The missile shaft; and when its blow was spent,
Swiftly the dexterous spearman coiled the string,
And sped again the artificer of death.
Rattling, like summer hailstones, they descend,
But from the Britons' iron panoply,
Baffled and blunted, fell; nor more availed
The stony falchion there, whose broken edge
Inflicts no second wound; nor profited,
On the strong buckler or the crested helm,
The knotty club; though fast, in blinding showers,
Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons fall
With stunning weight. Meantime, with wonted strength
The men of Gwyneth through their fenceless foes
Those lances thrust, whose terrors had so oft
Affrayed the Saxons, and whose home-driven points
So oft had pierced the Normen's knightly arms.

Little did then his pomp of plumes bestead
The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold,
Against the tempered sword; little his casque,
Gay with its feathery coronal, or drest
In graven terrors, when the Briton's hand
Drove in through helm and head the spiked mace;
Or swung its iron weights with shattering sway,
Which where they fell, destroyed. Beneath those arms
The men of Aztlan sunk; and whoso dropt
Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore
Away with instant caution, lest the sight
Of those whom they had slaughtered might inspire
The foe with hope and courage. Fast they fell,
And fast were resupplied, man after man
Succeeding to the death. Nor in the town
Did now the sight of their slain countrymen,
Momently carried in and piled in heaps,
Create one thought of fear. Hark! through the streets
Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and tower
To tower, reiterate, Paynalton's name
Calls all her sons to battle! at whose name
All must go forth, and follow to the field
The Leader of the Armies of the Gods,
Whom, in his unseen power, Mexitli now

Sends out to lead his people. They, in crowds,
Throng for their weapons to the House of Arms,
Beneath their guardian Deity preserved,
Through years of peace; and there the Pabas stood
Within the temple-court, and dealt around
The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice,
Bidding them, with the holy beverage,
Imbibe diviner valour, strength of arm
Not to be wearied, hope of victory,
And certain faith of endless joy in Heaven,
Their sure reward... Oh! happy, cried the Priests,
Your brethren who have fallen! already they
Have joined the company of blessëd souls;
Already they, with song and harmony,
And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth,
To follow down his western path of light
Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world
Retiring, to the palace of his rest.
Oh, happy they, who for their country's cause,
And for their Gods, shall die the brave man's death!
Them will their country consecrate with praise!
Them will the Gods reward!.. They heard the Priests,
Intoxicate, and from the gate swarmed out,
Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon every moment saw
The enemies increase, and with what rage
Of drunken valour to the fight they rushed,
He, against that impetuous attack,
As best he could, providing, formed the troops
Of Britain into one collected mass:
Three equal sides it offered to the foe,
Close and compact; no multitude could break
The condensed strength: its narrow point prest on,
Entering the throng's resistance, like a wedge,
Still from behind impelled. So thought the Chief
Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be gained,
And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if yet
They were among mankind. Nor could the force
Of hostile thousands break that strength condensed,
Against whose iron sides the stream of war
Rolled unavailing, as the ocean waves,
Which idly round some insulated rock
Foam furious, warning with their silvery smoke
The mariner far off. Nor could the point
Of that compacted body, though it bore
Right on the foe, and with united force
Pressed on to enter, through the multitude
Win now its difficult way; as where the sea

Pours through some strait its violent waters, swoln,
By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there
With all their weight and strength essay to drive
Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous stream.

And hark! above the deafening din of fight
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal,
Amid the war of winds! Lincoya comes,
Leading the mountain-dwellers. From the shock
Aztlan recoiled. And now a second troop
Of Britons to the town advanced, for war
Impatient and revenge. Cadwallon these,
With tidings of their gallant Prince enthralled,
Had summoned from the ships. That dreadful tale
Roused them to fury. Not a man was left
To guard the fleet; for who could have endured
That idle duty? who could have endured
The long, inactive, miserable hours,
And hope and expectation and the rage
Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them on;
In whom a brother's love had called not up
More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled now
In every British heart; so dear to all

Was Madoc. On they came; and Aztlan then
Had fled appalled; but in that dangerous hour
Her faith preserved her. From the gate her Priests
Rushed desperate out, and to the foremost rank
Forced their wild way, and fought with martyr zeal.
Through all the host contagious fury spread:
Nor had the sight that hour enabled them
To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, clad
In all his imaged terrors, gone before
Their way, and driven upon his enemies
His giant club destroying. Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death commingled in one sound
Of undistinguished horrors; while the Sun,
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

XVI.

The Women.

SILENT and solitary is thy vale,
Caermadoc! and how melancholy now
That solitude and silence!.. broad noon-day,
And not a sound of human life is there!
The fisher's net, abandoned in his haste,
Sways idly in the waters; in the tree,
Which its last stroke had pierced, the hatchet hangs;
The birds, beside the mattock and the spade,
Hunt in the new-turned mould, and fearlessly
Fly through the cage-work of the imperfect wall;
Or through the vacant dwelling's open door,
Pass and repass secure.
In Madoc's house,
And on his bed of reeds, Goervyl lies,
Her face toward the ground. She neither weeps,
Nor sighs, nor groans; too strong her agony

For outward sign of anguish, and for prayer
Too hopeless was the ill; and though, at times,
The pious exclamation past her lips,
Thy will be done! yet was that utterance
Rather the breathing of a broken heart,
Than of a soul resigned. Mervyn beside,
Hangs over his dear mistress silently,
Having no hope or comfort to bestow,
Nor aught but sobs and unavailing tears.
The women of Caermadoc, like a flock
Collected in their panic, stand around
The house of their lost leader; and they too
Are mute in their despair. Elaian alone
Is absent; wildly hath she wandered forth
To seek her child, and such the general woe,
That none hath marked her absence. Yet have they,
Though unprotected thus, no selfish fear;
The sudden evil had destroyed all thought,
All sense, of present danger to themselves,
All foresight.

Yet new terrors! Malinal,
Panting with speed, bursts in, and takes the arms
Of Madoc down. Goervyl, at that sound,
Started in sudden hope; but when she saw

The Azteca, she uttered a faint scream
Of wrongful fear, remembering not the proofs
Of his tried truth, nor recognizing aught
In those known features, save their hostile hue.
But he, by worser fear abating soon
Her vain alarm, exclaimed, I saw a band
Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,
Besure, for Amalahta leads them on.
Buckle this harness on, that, being armed,
I may defend the entrance.
Scarce had she
Fastened the breast-plate with her trembling hands,
When, flying from the sight of men in arms,
The women crowded in. Hastily he seized
The shield and spear, and on the threshold took
His stand; but, wakened now to provident thought,
Goervyl, following, helmed him. There was now
No time to gird the bauldric on; she held
Her brother's sword, and bade him look to her
For prompt supply of weapons; in herself
Being resolved not idly to abide,
Nor unprepared of hand or heart to meet
The issue of the danger, nor to die
Reluctant now.

Rightly had they divined
The Hoaman's felon purpose. When he heard
The fate of Madoc, from his mother's eye
He masked his secret joy, and took his arms,
And to the rescue, with the foremost band,
Set forth. But soon, upon the way, he told
The associates of his crime, that now their hour
Of triumph was arrived; Caermadoc, left
Defenceless, would become, with all its wealth,
The spoiler's easy prey, raiment and arms
And iron; skins of that sweet beverage,
Which to a sense of its own life could stir
The joyful blood; the women above all,
Whom to the forest they might bear away,
To be their slaves, if so their pleasure was;
Or, yielding them to Aztlan, for such prize
Receive a royal guerdon. Twelve there were,
Long leagued with him in guilt, who turned aside:
And they have reached Caermadoc now, and now
Rush onward, where they see the women fly;
When, on the threshold, clad in Cimbric arms,
And with long lance protended, Malinal
Rebuffs them from the entrance. At that sight
Suddenly quailed, they stood, as midnight thieves

Who find the master waking; but ere long,
Gathering assurëd courage, as they saw
No other guard, pressed forward, and essayed
To turn his spear aside. Its steady point,
True to the impelling strength, held on, and thrust
The foremost through the breast, and breath and blood
Followed the re-drawn shaft. Nor seemed the strife
Unequal now, though, with their numbers, they
Beleaguered in half-ring the door, where he,
The sole defender, stood. From side to side,
So well and swiftly did he veer the lance,
That every enemy beheld its point
Aimed at himself direct. But chief on one
Had Malinal his deadly purpose fixed,
On Amalahta; by his death to quell
The present danger, and cut off the root
Of many an evil, certain else to spring
From that accursëd stock. On him his eye
Turned with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt
With keener ken; and now, with sudden step
Bending his body on, at him he drives
The meditated blow: but that ill Prince,
As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerved
Timely aside; and ere the Azteca

Recovered from the frustrate aim, the spear
Was seized, and from his hold, by stress and weight
Of numbers wrenched. He, facing still the foe,
And holding at arm's length the targe, put back
His hand, and called Goervyl, and from her
Received the sword ;.. in time, for the enemy
Prest on so near, that having now no scope
To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight on.
It entered at the mouth of one who stood
With face aslant, and glanced along the teeth
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left
The cheek-flap dangling. He, in that same point
Of time, as if a single impulse gave
Birth to the double action, dashed his shield
Against another's head, with so fierce swing
And sway of strength, that this third enemy
Fell at his feet. Astounded by such proof
Of prowess, and by unexpected loss
Dismayed, the foe gave back, beyond the reach
Of his strong arm ; and there awhile they stood,
Beholding him at bay, and counselling
How best to work their vengeance upon him,
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold
The vantage, overlooked by hasty hope,

How vulnerable he stood, his arms and thighs
Bare for their butt. At once they bent their bows;
At once ten arrows fled: seven, shot in vain,
Rung on his shield; but, with unhappier mark,
Two shafts hung quivering in his leg; a third
Below the shoulder pierced. Then Malinal
Groaned, not for anguish of his wounds, but grief
And agony of spirit; yet resolved
To his last gasp to guard that precious post,
Nor longer able to endure afoot,
He, falling on his knees, received unharmed
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,
Their second shower, and still defied the foe.
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten on
To thrust him down, and he too felt his strength
Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour
Of horror and despair, collected still,
Caught him, and by the shoulders drew him in;
And, calling on her comrades, with their help
Shut to the door in time, and with their weight
Secured it, not their strength; for she alone,
Found worthy of her noble ancestry,
In this emergence, felt her faculties
All present, and heroic strength of heart,

To cope with danger and contempt of death.
Shame on ye, British women! shame! exclaimed
The daughter of King Owen, as she saw
The trembling hands and bloodless countenance
Pale as sepulchral marble; silent some;
Others with womanish cries lamenting now
That ever, in unhappy hour, they left
Their native land;.. a pardonable fear;
For hark, the war-hoop! sound, whereto the howl
Of tygers or hyenas, heard at night
By captive from barbarian foes escaped,
And wandering in the pathless wilderness,
Were music. Shame on ye! Goervyl cried;
Think what your fathers were, your husbands what,
And what your sons should be! These savages
Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death;
So are ye safe, if safety such as this
Be worth a thought; and in the interval
We yet may gain, by keeping to the last
This entrance, easily to be maintained
By us, though women, against foes so few,..
Who knows what succour chance, or timely thought
Of our own friends may send, or Providence,
Who slumbereth not?..While thus she spake, a hand

In at the window came, of one who sought
That way to win the entrance. She drew out
The arrow through the arm of Malinal,
With gentle care, .. the readiest weapon that, ..
And held it short above the bony barb,
And, adding deeds to words, with all her might
She stabbed it through the hand. The sudden pain
Provoked a cry, and back the savage fell,
Loosening his hold, and maimed for farther war.
Nay ! leave that entrance open ! she exclaimed
To one who would have closed it, . . who comes next
Shall not go thence so cheaply ! .. for she now
Had taken up a spear to guard that way,
Easily guarded, even by female might.
O heart of proof ! what now avails thy worth
And excellent courage ? for the savage foe,
With mattock and with spade, for other use
Designed, hew now upon the door, and rend
The wattled sides ; and they within shrink back,
For now it splinters through, .. and lo, the way
Is open to the spoiler !
Then once more,
Collecting his last strength, did Malinal
Rise on his knees, and over him the maid

Stands with the ready spear, she guarding him
Who guarded her so well. Roused to new force
By that exampled valour, and with will
To achieve one service yet before he died, . .
If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh, . .
Malinal gathered up his fainting powers;
And, reaching forward, with a blow that threw
His body on, upon the knee he smote
One Hoaman more, and brought him to the ground.
The foe fell over him; but he, prepared,
Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and rose
Upon one hand, and with the other plunged
Between his ribs the mortal blade. Meantime
Amalahta, rushing in blind eagerness
To seize Goervyl, set at nought the power
Of female hand, and, stooping as he came,
Beneath her spear-point, thought with lifted arm
To turn the thrust aside. But she drew back,
And lowered at once the spear, with aim so sure,
That on the front it met him, and ploughed up
The whole scalp-length. He, blinded by the blood,
Staggered aside, escaping by that chance
A second push, else mortal. And by this,
The women, learning courage from despair,

And by Goervyl's bold example fired,
Took heart, and rushing on with one accord,
Drove out the foe. Then took they hope; for then
They saw but seven remain in plight for war;
And, knowing their own number, in the pride
Of strength, caught up stones, staves, or axe, or spear,
To hostile use converting whatsoe'er
The hasty hand could seize. Such fierce attack
Confused the ruffian band; nor had they room
To aim the arrow, nor to speed the spear,
Each now beset by many. But their Prince,
Still mindful of his purport, called to them, ..
Secure my passage while I bear away
The White King's Sister; having her, the law
Of peace is in our power... And on he went
Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,
While on another foe her eye was fixed,
Ran in upon her, and stoopt down, and claspt
The maid above the knees, and throwing her
Over his shoulder, to the valley straits
Set off: .. ill seconded in ill attempt;
For now his comrades are too close beset
To aid their Chief, and Mervyn hath beheld
His Lady's peril. At the sight, inspired

With force, as if indeed that manly garb
Had clothed a manly heart, the Page ran on,
And with a bill-hook striking at his ham,
Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell;
The Maid fell with him: and she first hath risen,
While, grovelling on the earth, he gnashed his teeth
For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,
Remembering still revenge, he turned and seized
Goervyl's skirt, and plucked her to the ground,
And rolled himself upon her, and essayed
To kneel upon her breast; but she clenched fast
His bloody locks, and drew him down aside,
Faint now with anguish, and with loss of blood;
And Mervyn, coming to her help again,
As once again he rose, around the neck
Seized him, with throttling grasp, and held him down, . .
Strange strife and horrible! . . till Malinal
Crawled to the spot, and thrust into his groin
The mortal sword of Madoc; he himself,
At the same moment, fainting, now no more
By his strong will upheld, the service done.
The few surviving traitors, at the sight
Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now, too late
Believed that some diviner power had given

These female arms strength for their overthrow,
Themselves proved weak before them, as, of late,
Their God, by Madoc crushed.
Away they fled
Toward the valley straits; but in the gorge
Erillyab met their flight; and then her heart,
Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade
Her people seize, and bring them on in bonds,
For judgement. She herself, with quickened pace,
Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er the dead
She cast a rapid glance, and knew her son.
She knew him by his garments, by the work
Of her own hands; for now his face, besmeared
And black with gore, and stiffened in its pangs,
Bore of the life no semblance... God is good!
She cried, and closed her eyelids, and her lips
Shook, and her countenance changed. But in her heart
She quelled the natural feeling... Bear away
These wretches!.. to her followers she exclaimed;
And root them from the earth. Then she approached
Goervyl, who was pale and trembling now,
Exhausted with past effort; and she took
Gently the maiden's tremulous hand, and said.

God comfort thee, my Sister! At that voice
Of consolation, from her dreamy state,
Goervyl to a sense of all her woe
Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears.
God comfort thee, my Sister! cried the Queen,
Even as He strenghtens me. I would not raise
Deceitful hope,.. but in His Hand, even yet,
The issue hangs; and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberfraw, take thou hope!
For Madoc lives!.. he lives to wield the sword
Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish all.

XVII.

The Deliverance.

Madoc, meantime, in bonds and solitude,
Lay listening to the tumult. How his heart
Panted! how, then, with fruitless strength, he strove
And struggled for enlargement, as the sound
Of battle from without the city came;
While all things near were still, nor foot of man
Nor voice, in that deserted part, were heard,
At length one light and solitary step
Approached the place; a woman crossed the door
From Madoc's busy mind her image passed,
Quick as the form that caused it; but not so
Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,
That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possessed
Her soul, and made her, as she garlanded
The fane of Coatlantona with flowers,
Tremble in strong emotion.

It was now
The hour of dusk; the Pabas all were gone,
Gone to the battle; .. none could see her steps;
The gate was nigh. A momentary thought
Shot through her; she delayed not to reflect,
But hastened to the Prince, and took the knife
Of sacrifice, which by the altar hung,
And cut his bonds, and, with an eager eye,
Motioning haste and silence, to the gate
She led him. Fast along the forest way,
And fearfully, he followed to the chasm.
She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest, a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where confined two fire-flies gave
Their lustre. By that light did Madoc first
Behold the features of his lovely guide;
And through the entrance of the cavern gloom,
He followed in full trust.
Now have they reached
The abrupt descent; there Coatel held forth
Her living lamp, and turning, with a smile
Sweet as good Angels wear when they present
Their mortal charge before the throne of Heaven,

She showed where little Hoel slept below.
Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,
The last whereto his feet had followed her;
And, as he slept, his hand was on the bones
Of one, who years agone had perished there;
There, on the place where last his wretched eyes
Could catch the gleam of day. But when the voice,
The well-known voice of Madoc wakened him,..
His Uncle's voice,.. he started, with a scream
Which echoed through the cavern's winding length,
And stretched his arms to reach him. Madoc hushed
The dangerous transport, raised him up the ascent,
And followed Coatel again, whose face,
Though tears of pleasure still were coursing down,
Betokened fear and haste. Adown the wood
They went; and, coasting now the lake, her eye
First what they sought beheld, a light canoe,
Moored to the bank. Then in her arms she took
The child, and kissed him with maternal love,
And placed him in the boat; but when the Prince,
With looks and gestures and imperfect words
Such as the look, the gesture, well explained,
Urged her to follow, doubtfully she stood:

A dread of danger, for the thing she had done,
Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.
Almost she had resolved; but then she thought
Of her dear father, whom that flight would leave
Alone in age; how he would weep for her,
As one among the dead, and to the grave
Go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known
What she had dared, that on his head the weight
Of punishment would fall. That dreadful fear
Resolved her, and she waved her head, and raised
Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste,
With looks whose painful seriousness forbade
All farther effort. Yet unwillingly,
And boding evil, Madoc from the shore
Pushed off his little boat. She on its way
Stood gazing for a moment, lost in thought,
Then struck into the woods.

Swift through the lake
Madoc's strong arm impelled the light canoe.
Fainter and fainter to his distant ear
The sound of battle came; and now the Moon
Arose in heaven, and poured o'er lake and land
A soft and mellowing ray. Along the shore
Llaian was wandering with distracted steps,

And groaning for her child. She saw the boat
Approach; and as on Madoc's naked limbs,
And on his countenance, the moonbeam fell,
And as she saw the boy in that dim light,
It seemed as though the Spirits of the dead
Were moving on the waters; and she stood
With open lips that breathed not, and fixed eyes,
Watching the unreal shapes: but when the boat
Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she saw
His step substantial, and the child came near,
Unable then to move, or speak, or breathe,
Down on the sand she sunk.

But who can tell,
Who comprehend, her agony of joy,
When, by the Prince's care restored to sense,
She recognized her child, she heard the name
Of mother from that voice, which, sure, she thought
Had poured upon some Priest's remorseless ear
Its last vain prayer for life! No tear relieved
The insupportable feeling that convulsed
Her swelling breast. She looked, and looked, and felt
The child, lest some delusion should have mocked
Her soul to madness; then the gushing joy

Burst forth, and with caresses and with tears
She mingled broken prayers of thanks to heaven.

And now the Prince, when joy had had its course,
Said to her, Knowëst thou the mountain path?
For I would to the battle. But at that,
A sudden damp of dread came over her,..
O leave us not! she cried; lest haply ill
Should have befallen! for I remember now,
How in the woods I saw a savage band
Making toward Caermadoc, and I hid,
Lest they should stop my going. God forefend
The evil that I fear!..What! Madoc cried,
Were ye then left defenceless?..She replied,
All fled to arms: there was no time for thought,
Nor counsel, in that sudden ill; nor one
Of all thy people, who could, in that hour,
Have brooked home-duty, when thy life or death
Hung on the chance.
Now God be merciful!
Cried he;..for of Goervyl did he think,
And the cold sweat started at every pore...
Give me the boy!..he travels all too slow.

Then in his arms he took him, and sped on,
Suffering more painful terrors, than of late
His own near death provoked. They held their way
In silence up the heights; and, when at length
They reached the entrance of the vale, the Prince
Bade her remain, while he went on, to spy
The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he saw
Men, in the moonlight, stretched upon the ground;
And quickening then his pace, in worse alarm,
Along the shade, with cautious step, he moved
Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas a corpse;
Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or fear
Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,
As of a taper, seen in his own home,
Comforted him; and, drawing nearer now,
He saw his sister on her knees, beside
The rushes, ministering to a wounded man.
Safe that the dear one lived, then back he sped
With joyful haste, and summoned Llaian on,
And in loud talk advanced. Erillyab first
Came forward at the sound; for she had faith
To trust the voice... They live! they live! she cried;
God hath redeemed them!.. Nor the maiden yet
Believed the actual joy: like one astound,

Or as if struggling with a dream, she stood,
Till he came close, and spread his arms, and called
Goervyl!.. and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc lingered not; his eager soul
Was in the war; in haste he donned his arms;
And, as he felt his own good sword again,
Exulting played his heart... Boy, he exclaimed
To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!
For, in this conquest, we shall break the power
Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine age,
Would thou not wish, when young men crowd around,
To hear thee chronicle their fathers' deeds,
Wouldst thou not wish to add,.. And I, too, fought
In that day's conflict?
Mervyn's cheek turned pale
A moment, then, with terror all suffused,
Grew fever-red. Nay, nay! Goervyl cried,
He is too young for battles!.. But the Prince,
With erring judgment, in that fear-flushed cheek
Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope,
And youthful courage. I was such a boy,
Sister! he cried, at Counsyllt; and that day,
In my first field, with stripling arm, smote down

Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but now,
How bravely, in the fight of yesterday,
He fleshed his sword,..and wouldst thou keep him here
And rob him of his glory? See his cheek!
How it hath crimsoned at the unworthy thought!
Arm! arm! and to the battle!

How her heart
Then panted! how, with late regret, and vain,
Senena wished Goervyl then had heard
The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,
So oft by shame withheld. She thought that now
She could have fallen upon her Lady's neck,
And told her all; but when she saw the Prince,
Imperious shame forbade her, and she felt
It were an easier thing to die than speak.
Availed not now regret or female fear!
She mailed her delicate limbs; beneath the plate
Compressed her bosom; on her golden locks
The helmet's overheavy load she placed;
Hung from her neck the shield; and, though the sword
Which swung beside her lightest she had chosen,
Though in her hand she held the slenderest spear,
Alike unwieldly, for the maiden's grasp,
The sword and ashen lance. But as she touched

The murderous point, an icy shudder ran
Through every fibre of her trembling frame;
And, overcome by womanly terror then,
The damsel to Goervyl turned, and let
Her breastplate fall, and on her bosom placed
The Lady's hand, and hid her face, and cried
Save me! The warrior, who beheld the act,
And heard not the low voice, with angry eye
Glowed on the seemly boy of feeble heart.
But, in Goervyl, joy had overpowered
The wonder; joy, to find the boy she loved
Was one, to whom her heart with closer love
Might cling; and to her brother she exclaimed,
She must not go! We women in the war
Have done our parts.
A moment Madoc dwelt
On the false Mervyn, with an eye from whence
Displeasure did not wholly pass away.
Nor loitering to resolve Love's riddle now,
To Malinal he turned, where, on his couch,
The wounded youth was laid... True friend, said he,
And brother mine,.. for, truly, by that name
I trust to greet thee,.. if, in this near fight,
My hour should overtake me,.. as who knows

The lot of war? . . Goervyl hath my charge
To quite thee for thy service with herself;
That so thou mayëst raise up seed to me
Of mine own blood, who may inherit here
The obedience of thy people and of mine. . .
Malinal took his hand, and to his lips
Feebly he prest it, saying, One boon more,
Father and friend, I ask! . . if thou shouldst meet
Yuhidthiton in battle, think of me. .

XVIII.

The Victory.

Merciful God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the shout
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms,
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while, overhead, the Moon,
Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still unallayed
By slaughter raged the battle, unrelaxed
By lengthened toil; anger supplying still
Strength undiminished for the desperate strife.
And lo! where yonder, on the temple top,
Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire
Scene more accurst and hideous than the war
Displays to all the vale; for whosoe'er
That night the Aztecas could bear away,

Hoaman or Briton, thither was he borne;
And, as they stretched him on the stone of blood,
Did the huge tambour of the God, with voice
Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day-light, by those midnight fires
Distinctlier seen. Sight, that with horror filled
The Cymry, and to mightier efforts roused.
Howbeit, this abhorred idolatry
Worked for their safety; the deluded foes,
Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still
The mortal stroke, that they might to the God
Present the living victim, and to him
Let the life flow.

And now the orient sky
Glowed with the ruddy morning, when the Prince
Came to the field. He lifted up his voice,
And shouted Madoc! Madoc! They who heard
The cry, astonished, turned; and when they saw
The countenance his open helm disclosed,
They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through the host
Spread the miraculous joy, .. He lives! he lives!
He comes himself in arms! .. Lincoya heard,
As he had raised his arm to strike a foe,

And stayed the stroke, and thrust him off, and cried,
Go, tell the tidings to thy countrymen,
Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God
Hath set the White King free! Astonishment
Seized on the Azteca; on all who heard,
Amazement and dismay; and Madoc now
Stood in the foremost battle, and his sword, . .
His own good sword, . . flashed, like the sudden death
Of lightning in their eyes.
The King of Aztlan
Heard and beheld, and in his noble heart
Heroic hope arose. Forward he moved,
And, in the shock of battle, front to front,
Encountered Madoc. A strong-statured man
Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew
The ways of war, and never yet in fight
Had found an equal foe. Adown his back
Hung the long robe of feathered royalty;
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his helm
A sculptured snake protends the arrowy tongue;
Around a coronet of plumes arose,
Brighter than beam the rainbow hues of light,
Or than the evening glories which the sun
Slants o'er the moving many-coloured sea,

Such their surpassing beauty; bells of gold
Embossed his glittering helmet, and where'er
Their sound was heard, there lay the press of war,
And death was busiest there. Over the breast,
And o'er the golden breastplate of the King,
A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,
Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save;
For the sharp faulchion's baffled edge would glide
From its smooth softness. On his arm he held
A buckler overlaid with beaten gold;
And so he stood, guarding his thighs and legs,
His breast and shoulders also, with the length
Of his broad shield.

Opposed, in mail complete,
Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexile chains
Gave play to his full muscles, and displayed
How broad his shoulders, and his ample breast.
Small was his shield, there broadest where it fenced
The well of life, and gradual to a point
Lessening; steel-strong, and wieldy in his grasp.
It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight,
Along the Marches, or where holy Dee
Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tamer stream,
So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,

Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn,
And warden from the castle-tower rung out
The loud alarum-bell, heard far and wide.
Upon his helm no sculptured dragon sate,
Sate no fantastic terrors; a white plume
Nodded above, far-seen, floating like foam
On the war-tempest. Man to man they stood,
The King of Aztlan and the Ocean Chief.

Fast, on the intervening buckler, fell
The Azteca's stone faulchion. Who hath watched
The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,
That, with their awful blaze, irradiate heaven,
Then leave a blacker night? so quick, so fierce,
Flashed Madoc's sword, which, like the serpent's tongue,
Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of light.
Unequal arms! for on the British shield
Availed not the stone faulchion's brittle edge,
And, in the golden buckler, Madoc's sword
Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropt
The unprofitable weapon, and received
His ponderous club,.. that club, beneath whose force,
Driven by his father's arm, Tepollomi
Had fallen subdued,.. and fast and fierce he drove

The massy weight on Madoc. From his shield,
The deadening force, communicated, ran
Up his stunned arm; anon, upon his helm,
Crashing, it came;.. his eyes shot fire, his brain
Swam dizzy,.. he recoils,.. he reels,.. again
The club descends.
That danger to himself
Recalled the Lord of Ocean. On he sprung,
Within the falling weapon's curve of death,
Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast to breast
He grappled with the King. The pliant mail
Bent to his straining limbs, while plates of gold,
The feathery robe, the buckler's amplitude,
Cumbered the Azteca, and from his arm,
Clenched in the Briton's mighty grasp, at once
He dropt the impeding buckler, and let fall
The unfastened club; which when the Prince beheld,
He thrust him off, and drawing back resumed
The sword that from his wrist suspended hung,
And twice he smote the King; twice from the quilt
Of plumes the iron glides; and lo! the King,
So well his soldiers watch their monarch's need,
Shakes in his hand a spear.

But now a cry
Burst on the ear of Madoc, and he saw
Through opening ranks, where Urien was conveyed
A captive, to his death. Grief then and shame
And rage inspired him. With a mighty blow
He cleft Coanocotzin's helm; exposed
The monarch stood;.. again the thunder-stroke
Came on him, and he fell... The multitude,
Forgetful of their country and themselves,
Crowd round their dying King. Madoc, whose eye
Still followed Urien, called upon his men,
And, through the broken army of the foe,
Prest to his rescue.
But far off the old man
Was borne with furious speed. Ririd alone
Pursued his path, and through the thick of war
Close on the captors, with avenging sword,
Followed right on, and through the multitude,
And through the gate of Aztlan, made his way,
And through the streets, till, from the temple-mound,
The press of Pabas and the populace
Repelled him, while the old man was hurried up.
Hark! that infernal tambour! o'er the lake

Its long loud thunders roll, and through the hills,
Awakening all their echoes. Ye accurst,
Ye blow the fall too soon! Ye Dogs of Hell,
The Hart is yet at bay!.. Thus long the old man,
As one exhausted or resigned, had lain,
Resisting not; but, at that knell of death,
Springing with unexpected force, he freed
His feet, and shook the Pabas from their hold,
And, with his armëd hand, between the eyes
Smote one so sternly, that to earth he fell,
Bleeding, and all astound. A man of proof
Was Urien in his day; thought worthiest,
In martial thewes and manly discipline,
To train the sons of Owen. He had lost
Youth's supple slight; yet still the skill remained,
And in his stiffened limbs a strength, which yet
Might put the young to shame. And now he set
His back against the altar, resolute
Not as a victim by the knife to die,
But in the act of battle, as became
A man grown grey in arms: and in his heart
There was a living hope; for now he knew
That Madoc lived, nor could the struggle long
Endure against that arm.

Soon was the way
Laid open by the sword; for, side by side,
The brethren of Aberfraw mowed their path
And, following close, the Cymry drive along,
Till on the summit of the mound, the cry
Of victory rings aloud. The temple floor,
So often which had reeked with innocent blood,
Steams now with righteous slaughter. Frantically,
In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,
The Priests crowd round the God, and with their knives
Hack at the foe, and call on him to save,
At the altar, at the Idol's foot they fall.
Nor with less frenzy did the multitude
Flock to defend their God. Fast as they fell,
New victims rushed upon the British sword;
And sure that day had rooted from the earth
The Aztecas, and on their conquerors drawn
Promiscuous ruin, had not Madoc now
Beheld from whence the fearless ardour sprang;
They saw Mexitli; momently they hoped
That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc seized
A massy club, and from his azure throne
Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight
The men of Aztlan pause; so was their pause
Dreadful, as when a multitude expect
The Earthquake's second shock. But when they saw
Earth did not open, nor the temple fall
To crush their impious enemies, dismayed,
They felt themselves forsaken by their Gods;
Then from their temples and their homes they fled,
And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,
Sought the near city, whither they had sent
Their women, timely saved.
But Tlalala,
With growing fury as the danger grew,
Raged in the battle; but Yuhidthiton
Still with calm courage, till no hope remained,
Fronted the rushing foe. When all was vain,
When back within the gate Cadwallon's force,
Resistless, had compelled them, then the Chief
Called on the Tyger, .. Let us bear from hence
The dead Ocellopan, the slaughtered King;
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left,
O Tlalala! .. The Tyger wept with rage,
With generous anger. To the place of death,

Where, side by side, the noble dead were stretched,
They fought their way. Eight warriors joined their
shields;
On these, a bier which well beseemed the dead,
The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidthiton
Called on the people,.. Men of Aztlan! yet
One effort more! Bear hence Ocellopan,
And save the body of your noble King!
Not to the Strangers should their bones be left!..
That whoso heard, with wailing and loud cries,
Prest round the body-bearers; few indeed,
For few were they, who, in that fearful hour,
Had ears to hear,.. but with a holy zeal,
Careless of death, around the bier they ranged
Their bulwark breasts. So toward the farther gate
They held their steady way, while outermost,
In unabated valour, Tlalala
Faced, with Yuhidthiton, the foe's pursuit.
Vain valour then, and fatal piety,
As the fierce conquerors bore on their retreat,
If Madoc had not seen their perilous strife:
Remembering Malinal, and in his heart
Honouring a gallant foe, he called aloud,

And bade his people cease the hot pursuit.
So, through the city gate, they bore away
The dead; and, last of all their countrymen,
Leaving their homes and temples to the foe,
Yuhidthiton and Tlalala retired.

XIX.

The Funeral.

SOUTHWARD of Aztlan stood, beside the Lake,
A city of the Aztecas, by name
Pacamba. Thither, from the first alarm,
The women and infirm old men were sent,
And children: thither they who from the fight,
And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped,
In scattered bands repaired. Their City lost,
Their Monarch slain, their Idols overthrown, . .
These tidings spread dismay; but to dismay
Succeeded horror soon, and kindling rage,
Horror, by each new circumstance increased,
By numbers, rage emboldened. . Lo! to the town,
Lamenting loud, a numerous train approach,
Like mountain torrents, swelling as they go.
Borne in the midst, upon the bier of shields,
The noble dead were seen. To tenfold grief

That spectacle provoked, to tenfold wrath
That anguish stung them. With their yells and groans
Curses are mixed, and threats, and bitter vows
Of vengeance full and speedy. From the wreck
Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc,
Chief servant of the Gods, their favoured Priest,
The voice by whom they speak; young Tlalala,
Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns;
And, full of fame, their country's rock of strength,
Yuhidthiton: him to their sovereign slain
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom, him
Of valour unsurpassable, by all
Beloved and honoured, him the general voice
Acclaims their King; him they demand, to lead
Their gathered force to battle, to revenge
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem
Their altars and their country.

But the dead
First from the nation's gratitude require
The rites of death. On mats of mountain palm,
Wrought of rare texture and of richest hues,
The slaughtered warriors, side by side, were laid;
Their bodies wrapt in many-coloured robes
Of gossampine, bedecked with gems and gold.

The livid paleness of the countenance
A mask concealed, and hid their ghastly wounds.
The Pabas stood around, and, one by one,
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe leaves,
With mystic forms and characters inscribed;
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc
Addressed the dead,.. So may ye safely pass
Between the mountains, which, in endless war,
Hurtle, with horrible uproar, and frush
Of rocks that meet in battle. Armed with this,
In safety shall ye walk along the road,
Where the Great Serpent from his lurid eyes
Shoots lightning, and across the guarded way
Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the third,
And cross the waters where the Crocodile
In vain expects his prey. Your passport this
Through the Eight Deserts; through the Eight Hills,
this;
And this be your defence against the Wind,
Whose fury sweeps, like dust, the uprooted rocks,
Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye noble Dead,
Protected with these potent amulets,
Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly
The Palace of the Sun!

The funeral train
Moved to Mexitli's temple. First on high
The noble dead were borne: in loud lament
Then followed all by blood allied to them,
Or by affection's voluntary ties
Attached more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword
Of Britain had escaped, honouring the rites,
Came clad in rich array, and bore the arms
And ensigns of the dead. The slaves went last,
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living chiefs,
In life their sport and mockery, and in death
Their victims. Wailing and with funeral hymns,
The long procession moved. Mexitli's Priest,
With all his servants, from the temple-gate
Advanced to meet the train. Two piles were built
Within the sacred court, of odorous wood,
And rich with gums; on these, with all their robes,
Their ensigns and their arms, they laid the dead;
Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran up,
Up flamed the fire, and o'er the darkened sky
Sweet clouds of incense curled.

The Pabas then
Performed their bloody office. First they slew

The women whom the slaughtered most had loved,
Who most had loved the dead. Silent they went
Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,
Nor sorrowing, nor dismayed, but, as it seemed,
Stunned, senseless. One alone there was, whose cheek
Was flushed, whose eye was animate with fire;
Her most in life Coanocotzin prized,
By ten years' love endeared, his counsellor,
His friend, the partner of his secret thoughts;
Such had she been, such merited to be.
She, as she bared her bosom to the knife,
Called on Yuhidthiton... Take heed, O King!
Aloud she cried, and pointed to the Priests;
Beware these wicked men! they to the war
Forced my dead Lord... Thou knowëst, and I know,
He loved the Strangers; that his noble mind,
Enlightened by their lore, had willingly
Put down these cursëd altars!.. As she spake,
They dragged her to the stone... Nay! nay! she cried,
There needs not force! I go to join my Lord!
His blood and mine be on you!.. Ere she ceased,
The knife was in her breast. Tezozomoc,
Trembling with wrath, held up toward the Sun
Her reeking heart.

The dwarfs and slaves died last.
That bloody office done, they gathered up
The ashes of the dead, and coffered them
Apart; the teeth with them, which unconsumed
Among the ashes lay, a single lock
Shorn from the corpse, and his lip-emerald
Now held to be the Spirit's flawless heart,
In better worlds. The Priest then held on high
The little ark which shrined his last remains,
And called upon the people;..Lo! behold!
This was your King, the bountiful, the brave,
Coanocotzin! Men of Aztlan, hold
His memory holy! learn from him to love
Your country and your Gods; for them to live
Like him, like him to die. So from yon Heaven,
Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit bathes,
Often shall he descend; hover above
On evening clouds, or, plumed with rainbow wings,
Sip honey from the flowers, and warble joy.
Honour his memory! emulate his worth!
So saying, in the temple-tower he laid
The relics of the King.

These duties done,
The living claim their care. His birth, his deeds,

The general love, the general voice, have marked
Yuhidthiton for King. Bare-headed, bare
Of foot, of limb, scarfed only round the loins,
The Chieftain to Mexitli's temple moved,
And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc
King over Aztlan there anointed him,
And over him, from hallowed cedar-branch,
Sprinkled the holy water. Then the Priest
In a black garment robed him, figured white
With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem war,
Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks.
Next in his hand the Priest a censer placed;
And while he knelt, directing to the God
The steaming incense, thus addressed the King:
Chosen by the people, by the Gods approved,
Swear to protect thy subjects, to maintain
The worship of thy fathers, to observe
Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his course,
The clouds descend in rain, the rivers hold
Their wonted channels, and the fruits of earth
To ripen in their season: Swear, O King!
And prosper, as thou holdëst good thine oath.
He raised his voice, and swore. Then on his brow

Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed;
And in the robe of emblemed royalty,
Preceded by the golden wands of state,
Yuhidthiton went forth, anointed King.

XX.

The Death of Coatel.

When now the multitude beheld their King,
In gratulations of reiterate joy
They shout his name, and bid him lead them on
To vengeance. But to answer that appeal,
Tezozomoc advanced... Oh! go not forth,
Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be purged
From her offence! No God will lead ye on,
While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the Priests
Who from the ruined city have escaped,
And all who in her temples have performed
The ennobling service of her injured Gods,
Gather together now.
He spake; the train
Assembled, priests and matrons, youths and maids.
Servants of Heaven! aloud the Arch-Priest began,
The Gods had favoured Aztlan; bound for death

The White King lay: our countrymen were strong
In battle, and the conquest had been ours, ..
I speak not from myself, but as the Powers,
Whose voice on earth I am, impel the truth, ..
The conquest had been ours; but treason lurked
In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege;
And therefore were her children in the hour
Of need abandoned; therefore were her youth
Cut down, her altars therefore overthrown.
The White King, whom ye saw upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,
Stood in the foremost fight and slew your Lord.
Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged,
Broke he his bondage! by a mortal hand,
An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous hand,
Your city was betrayed, your King was slain,
Your shrines polluted. The insulted Power,
He who is terrible, beheld the deed,
And now he calls for vengeance.
Stern he spake,
And from Mexitli's altar bade the Priest
Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand
He took the vase, and held it up, and cried,
Cursëd be he who did this deed! Accursed

The father who begat him, and the breast
At which he fed! Death be his portion now,
Eternal infamy his lot on earth,
His doom eternal horrors! Let his name,
From sire to son, be in the people's mouth,
Through every generation! Let a curse
Of deep and pious and effectual hate,
For ever follow the abhorrëd name;
And every curse inflict upon his soul
A stab of mortal anguish.

Then he gave
The vase... Drink one by one! the innocent
Boldly; on them the water hath no power.
But let the guilty tremble! it shall flow
A draught of agony and death to him,
A stream of fiery poison.

Coatel!
What were thy horrors when the fatal vase
Past to thy trial,.. when Tezozomoc
Fixed his keen eye on thee! A deathiness
Came over her,.. her blood ran back,.. her joints
Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful cup
Dropt from her conscious hold. The Priest exclaimed,
The hand of God! the avenger manifest!

Drag her to the altar! .. At that sound of death
The life forsook her limbs, and down she fell,
Senseless. They dragged her to the Stone of Blood,
All senseless as she lay; .. in that dread hour
Nature was kind.
Tezozomoc then cried,
Bring forth the kindred of this wretch accurst,
That none pollute the earth. An aged Priest
Came forth and answered, There is none but I,
The father of the dead.
To death with him!
Exclaimed Tezozomoc; to death with him;
And purify the nation! .. But the King
Permitted not that crime. .. Chief of the Priests,
If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,
Said he; but never, while I live and reign,
The innocent shall suffer. Hear him speak!

Hear me! the old man replied. That fatal day
I never saw my child. At morn she left
The city, seeking flowers to dress the shrine
Of Coatlantona; and that at eve
I stood among the Pabas in the gate,
Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out,

Let them who saw bear witness... Two came forth,
And testified Aculhua spake the words
Of truth.

Full well I know, the old man pursued,
My daughter loved the Strangers,.. that her heart
Was not with Aztlan; but not I the cause!
Ye all remember how the Maid was given,..
She being, in truth, of all our Maids the flower,..
In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled
From sacrifice. It was a misery
To me to see my only child condemned
In early widowhood to waste her youth,..
My only and my beautifullest girl!
Chief of the Priests, you ordered; I obeyed.
Not mine the fault, if, when Lincoya fled,
And fought among the enemies, her heart
Was with her husband.

He is innocent!
He shall not die! Yuhidthiton exclaimed.
Nay, King Yuhidthiton! Aculhua cried,
I merit death. My country overthrown,
My daughter slain, alike demand on me
That justice. When her years of ministry
Vowed to the temple had expired, my love,

My selfish love, still suffered her to give
Her youth to me, by filial piety
In widowhood detained. That selfish crime
Heavily, .. heavily, .. do I expiate !
But I am old; and she was all to me.
O King Yuhidthiton, I ask for death;
In mercy, let me die ! cruel it were
To bid me waste away alone in age,
By the slow pain of grief... Give me the *knife*
Which pierced my daughter's bosom !

The old man
Moved to the altar; none opposed his way;
With a firm hand he buried in his heart
The reeking blade, and fell upon his child.

XXI.

The Sports.

A TRANSITORY gloom that sight of death
Impressed upon the assembled multitude;
But soon the brute and unreflecting crew
Turned to their sports. Some bear their olive limbs,
And in the race contend; with hopes and fears,
Which rouse to rage, some urge the mimic war.
Here one upon his ample shoulders bears
A comrade's weight, upon whose head a third
Stands poised, like Mercury in act to fly.
There other twain upon their shoulders prop
A forkëd beam, while on its height the third
To nimble cadence shifts his glancing feet,
And shakes a plume aloft, and wheels around
A wreath of bells with modulating sway.
Here round a lofty mast the dancers move
Quick, to quick music; from its top affixed,

Each holds a coloured cord, and, as they weave
The complex crossings of the mazy dance,
The checquered network twists around the tree
Its intertexture of harmonious hues.
But now a shout went forth, the Flyers mount,
And from all meaner sports the multitude
Flock to their favourite pastime. In the ground,
Branchless and barked, the trunk of some tall pine
Is planted; near its summit a square frame;
Four cords pass through the perforated square,
And fifty times and twice around the tree,
A mystic number, are entwined above.
Four Aztecas, equipped with wings, ascend,
And found them bind the ropes; anon they wave
Their pinions, and upborn on spreading plumes
Launch on the air, and wheel in circling flight,
The lengthened cords untwisting as they fly.
A fifth above, upon the perilous point
Dances, and shakes a flag; and on the frame,
Others the while maintain their giddy stand,
Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords
Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground
The aërial circlers speed; then down the ropes
They spring, and on their way from line to line

Pass, while the shouting multitude endure
A shuddering admiration.
On such sports,
Their feelings centered in the joy of sight,
The multitude stood gazing, when a man,
Breathless, and with broad eyes, came running on,
His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless cheek
Like one who meets a lion in his path.
The fire! the fire! the temple! he exclaimed;
Mexitli!.. They, astonished at his words,
Hasten toward the wonder,.. and behold!
The inner fane is sheeted white with fire.
Dumb with affright they stood; the enquiring King
Looked to Tezozomoc; the Priest replied,
I go! the Gods protect me;.. and therewith
He entered boldly in the house of flame.
But instant bounding with inebriate joy,
He issues forth... The God! the God! he cries.
Joy!.. joy!.. the God!..the visible hand of Heaven!
Repressing then his transport,.. Ye all know
How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious hand
Destroyed Mexitli's Image;.. it is here,
Unbroken and the same!.. Toward the gate
They press; they see the Giant Idol there,

The serpent girding him, his neck with hearts
Beaded, and in his hand the club, .. even such
As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne,
They had adored the God, they see him now,
Unbroken and the same! .. Again the Priest
Entered; again a second joy inspired
To frenzy all around; .. for forth he came,
Shouting with new delight, .. for in his hand
The banner of the nation he upheld,
That banner to their fathers sent from Heaven,
By them abandoned to the conqueror.

He motioned silence, and the crowd were still.
People of Aztlan! he began, when first
Your fathers from their native land went forth,
In search of better seats, this banner came
From Heaven. The Famine and the Pestilence
Had been among them; in their hearts the spring
Of courage was dried up: with midnight fires
Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,
This banner came from Heaven; and with it came
Health, valour, victory. Aztecas! again
The God restores the blessing. To the God

Move now in solemn dance of grateful joy ;
Exalt for him the song.
They formed the dance,
They raised the hymn, and sung Mexitli's praise.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God!.. From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not? She at eve
Walked in the temple-court, and saw from Heaven
A plume descend, as bright and beautiful,
As if some spirit had embodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
The altar of the God; she sought it there;
Amazed she found it not; amazed she felt
Another life infused... From whence art thou,
O Son of Mystery? From whence art thou,
Whose sire thy mother knew not?
Grief was hers,
Wonder and grief, for life was in her womb,
And her stern children with revengeful eyes
Beheld their mother's shame. She saw their frowns,

She knew their plots of blood. Where shall she look
For succour, when her sons conspire her death?
Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets
The impious knife of murder?.. From her womb
The voice of comfort came, the timely aid;
Already at her breast the blow was aim'd,
When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand
The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God!
Arise and save,
Mexitli, save thy people! Dreadful one,
Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge!
An impious, an impenetrable foe,
Hath blackened thine own altars, with the blood
Of thine own priests; hath dashed thine Image down.
In vain did valour's naked breast oppose
Their mighty arms; in vain the feeble sword
On their impenetrable mail was driven.
Not against thee, Avenger, shall those arms
Avail, nor that impenetrable mail
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.
Arise, go forth in anger, and destroy!

XXII.

The Death of Lincoya.

Aztlan, meantime, presents a hideous scene
Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her streets,
Parched the bloodpools; the slain were heaped in hills;
The victors, stretched in every little shade,
With unhelmed heads, reclining on their shields,
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere long,
To needful labour rising, from the gates
They drag the dead; and with united toil,
They dig upon the plain the general grave,
The grave of thousands, deep and wide and long.
Ten such they delved, and o'er the multitudes
Who levelled with the plain the deep-dug pits,
Ten monumental hills they heaped on high.
Next, horror heightening joy, they overthrew
The skull-built towers, the files of human heads,
And earth to earth consigned them. To the flames
They cast the idols, and upon the wind

Scattered their ashes; then the temples fell,
Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood,
And not one stone of those accursëd piles
Was on another left.
Victorious thus
In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now
There to collect their strength, and there await,
Or thence with centured numbers urge, the war.
For this was Ririd missioned to the ships,
For this Lincoya from the hills invites
Erillyab and her tribe. There did not breathe,
On this wide world, a happier man that day
Than young Lincoya, when from their retreat
He bade his countrymen come repossess
The land of their forefathers; proud at heart
To think how great a part himself had borne
In their revenge, and that belovëd one,
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well
He knew his own dear love, and for the deed
Still dearer loved the dearest. Round the youth,
Women and children, the infirm and old,
Gather to hear his tale; and as they stood
With eyes of steady wonder, outstretched necks,
And open lips of listening eagerness,

Fast played the tide of triumph in his veins,
Flushed his brown cheek, and kindled his dark eye.
And now, reposing from his toil awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves
Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca
Sate by him in the shade: The old man had loved
The youth beside him from his boyhood up,
And still would call him boy. They sate and watched
The laden bisons winding down the way,
The multitude who now with joy forsook
Their desolated dwellings; and their talk
Was of the days of sorrow, when they groaned
Beneath the intolerable yoke, till sent
By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless deep,
Prince Madoc the Deliverer came to save.
As thus they communed, came a woman up,
Seeking Lincoya; 'twas Aculhua's slave,
The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,
Her pale and livid countenance, foretold
Some tale of misery, that his life-blood ebbed
In ominous fear. But when he heard her words
Of death, he seized the lance, and raised his arm
To strike the blow of comfort.

The old man
Caught his uplifted hand... O'er-hasty boy,
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear!
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods will hear,
And in just recompence of fearless faith,
Restore their charge.
The miserable youth
Turned at his words a hesitating eye.
I knew a prisoner,.. so the old man pursued,
Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair
With tales that suited the despair of youth,
Or credulous himself of what he told,..
I knew a prisoner once who welcomed death
With merriment and songs and joy of heart,
Because, he said, the friends whom he loved best
Were gone before him to the Land of Souls;
Nor would they, to resume their mortal state,
Even when the keeper of the Land allowed,
Forsake its pleasures; therefore he rejoiced
To die and join them there. I questioned him,
How of these hidden things unknowable
So certainly he spake. The man replied,
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,

Nor would he bear his sorrow, .. being one
Into whose heart fear never found a way, . .
But to the Country of the Dead pursued
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,
And many dangers gallantly surpassed,
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.
Gently the Guardian of the Land received
The living suppliant; listened to his prayer,
And gave him back the Spirit of the Maid.
But from that happy country, from the songs
Of joyance, from the splendour-sparkling dance,
Unwillingly compelled, the Maiden's Soul
Loathed to return; and he was warned to guard
The subtle captive well and warily,
Till in her mortal tenement relodged,
Earthly delights might win her to remain
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning
The Ruler of the Souls departed gave;
And mindful of his charge the adventurer brought
His subtle captive home. There underneath
The shelter of a hut, his friends had watched
The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun,
And fanned away the insect swarms of heaven.
A busy hand marred all the enterprize:

Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed
The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.
Lincoya, thou art brave; where man has gone
Thou wouldst not fear to follow!
Silently
Lincoya listened, and with unmoved eyes;
At length he answered, Is the journey long?
The old man replied, A way of many moons.
I know a shorter path! exclaimed the youth.
And up he sprung, and from the precipice
Darted: A moment,.. and Ayayaca heard
His body dash upon the rocks below.

XXIII.

Caradoc and Senena.

MAID of the golden locks, far other lot
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,
Blue-eyed Senena!.. She, though not as yet
Had she put off her boy-habiliments,
Had told Goervyl all the history
Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gained
From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill,
And secrecy, in shame too long maintained.
With her dear Lady now, at this still hour
Of evening, is the seeming page gone forth,
Beside Caermadoc mere. They loitered on,
Along the windings of its grassy shore,
In such free interchange of inward thought
As the calm hour invited; or at times,
Willingly silent, listening to the bird

Whose one repeated melancholy note,
By oft repeating melancholy made,
Solicited the ear; or gladlier now
Hearkening that cheerful one, who knoweth all
The songs of all the wingëd choristers,
And in one sequence of melodious sounds
Pours all their music. But a wilder strain
At fits came o'er the water; rising now,
Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell
More exquisitely sweet than ever art
Of man evoked from instrument of touch,
Or beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,
Which, passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,
Swept all its chords at once, and blended all
Their music into one continuous flow.
The solitary Bard beside his harp
Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,
With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,
Played on the waving waters. Overhead
There was the leafy murmur, at his foot
The lake's perpetual ripple; and from far,
Borne on the modulating gale, was heard
The roaring of the mountain-cataract...
A blind man would have loved the lovely spot.

Here was Senena by her Lady led,
Trembling, but not reluctant. They drew nigh,
Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,
Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,
Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound
He rose... Hath then thy hand, quoth she, O Bard,
Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be
Thine harper?..Come! one strain for Britain's sake;
And let the theme be Woman!.. He replied,
But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,
Blame thou the theme, not me!.. Then to the harp
He sung,.. Three things a wise man will not trust,
The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,
And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The Weathercock upon the steeple-point
Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was Woman true?
False Bard! thereat,
With smile of playful anger, she exclaimed,
False Bard! and slanderous song! Were such thy thoughts
Of woman, when thy youthful lays were heard

In Heilyn's hall?.. But at that name his heart
Leaped, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired;
In Heilyn's hall, quoth he, I learned the song.
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills
Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth
Had pledged her troth;.. nor rashly, nor beguiled,..
They had been playmates in their infancy,
And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
And all his joys. The Moon and all the Stars
Witnessed their mutual vows; and for her sake
The song was framed; for in the face of day
She broke them... But her name! Goervyl cried.
Quoth he, The poet loved her still too well,
To couple it with shame.
O fate unjust
Of womankind! she cried; our virtues bloom,
Like violets, in shade and solitude,
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,
And song of obloquy!.. I knew a Maid,
And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too
Loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid
Her spotless faith; for he to ill reports.
And tales of falsehood cunningly devised,

Lent a light ear, and to his rival left
The loathing Maid. The wedding-day arrived,
The harpers and the gleemen, far and near,
Came to the wedding-feast; the wedding-guests
Were come, the altar dressed, the bridemaids met,
The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest
Wait for the bride. But she the while did off
Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,
And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild
To seek her own true love; and over sea,
Forsaking all for him, she followed him,
Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair:
And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong
Her faith with slanderous tales; and his dull eye,
As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,
Knows not the trembling one, who even now
Yearns to forgive him all!
He turned, he knew
The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his breast.

XXIV.

The Embassy.

HARK! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-ring! the rocks and hills
Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the lake
Roll their slow echoes... Thou art beautiful,
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful!
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun.
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise,
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cymbric Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty, long

Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!

Hither joyfully
The Hoamen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Come shouting, with acclaim of grateful praise,
Their great Deliverer's name; the old, in talk
Of other days, which mingled with their joy
Memory of many a hard calamity,
And thoughts of time and change, and human life
How changeful and how brief. Prince Madoc met
Erillyab at the gate... Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign,
O'er our united people; by one faith,
One interest bound, and closer to be linked
By laws and language and domestic ties,
Till both become one race, for ever more
Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and by Heaven
Favoured abundantly above them all.

Dear friend, and brother dear! enough for me
Beneath the shadow of thy shield to dwell,
And see my people, by thy fostering care,
Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously
Hath the Belovëd One ordainëd all,
Educing good from ill, himself being good.
Then to the royal palace of the Kings
Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,
There, where her sires had held their ruder reign,
To pass the happy remnant of her years,
Honoured and loved by all.

Now had the Prince
Provided for defence, disposing all
As though a ready enemy approached.
But from Patamba yet no army moved;
Four Heralds only, by the King dispatched,
Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen, as they came,
Knew the green mantle of their privilege,
The symbols which they bore, an arrow-point
Depressed, a shield, a net, which, from the arm
Suspended, held their food. They through the gate
Pass with permitted entrance, and demand
To see the Ocean Prince. The Conqueror

Received them, and the elder thus began:
Thus to the White King, King Yuhidthiton
His bidding sends; such greeting as from foe
Foe may receive, where individual hate
Is none, but honour and assured esteem,
And what were friendship did the Gods permit,
The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou
That Aztlan is subdued; nor in the pride
Of conquest tempt thy fortune! Unprepared
For battle, at an hour of festival,
Her children were surprised; and thou canst tell
How perilously they maintained the long
And doubtful strife. From yonder temple-mount
Look round the plain, and count her towns, and mark
Her countless villages, whose habitants
All are in arms against thee! Thinkest thou
To root them from the land? or wouldst thou live,
Harassed by night and day with endless war,
War at thy gates; and to thy children leave
That curse for their inheritance?.. The land
Is all before thee: Go in peace, and chuse
Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or East, or West;
Or mount again thy houses of the sea

And search the waters. Whatsoe'er thy wants
Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply,
Prepared with friendly succour, to assist
Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhidthiton,
Remembering his old friendship, counsels thee;
Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself
And people, he commands. If obstinate,
If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,
Woe to ye, wretches! to the armëd man,
Who in the fight must perish; to the wife,
Who vainly on her husband's aid will call;
Woe to the babe that hangs upon the breast!
For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spare none.

The Conqueror calmly answered him,..
By force we won your city, Azteca;
By force we will maintain it:.. to the King
Repeat my saying... To this goodly land
Your fathers came for an abiding place.
Strangers as we, but not like us, in peace.
They conquered and destroyed. A tyrant race,
Bloody and faithless, to the hills they drove
The unoffending children of the vale,

And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice
Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here!
Powerful to save we come, and to destroy,
When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.
Go tell your nation, that we know their force,
That they know ours! that their Patamba soon
Shall fall like Aztlan; and what other towns
They seek in flight shall like Patamba fall;
Till broken in their strength and spirit-crushed,
They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,
Its worthier Lords.

If this be thy reply,
Son of the Ocean! said the messenger,
I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name,
Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,
Before our multitudes shall trample down
Thy mad and miserable countrymen,
Yuhidthiton invites thee to the strife
Of equal danger. So may he avenge
Coanocotzin, or like him in death
Discharge his duty.

Tell Yuhidthiton,
Madoc replied, that in the field of blood

I never shunned a foe. But say thou to him,
I will not seek him there, against his life
To raise the hand which hath been joined with his
In peace... With that the Heralds went their way;
Nor to the right nor to the left they turn,
But to Patamba straight they journey back.

XXV.

The Lake Fight.

The mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,
Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike;
And now ashore they haul the lightened hulks,
Tear up the deck, the severed planks bear off,
Disjoin the well-scarfed timbers, and the keel
Loosen asunder; then to the lake-side
Bear the materials, where the Ocean Lord
Himself directs their work. Twelve vessels there,
Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep
With oars the moveless surface, they prepare;
Lay down the keel, the stern-post rear, and fix
The strong-curved timbers. Others from the wood
Bring the tall pines, and from their hissing trunks
Force, by the aid of fire, the needful gum;
Beneath the close-caulked planks its odorous stream
They pour; then, last, the round-projecting prows

With iron arm, and launch, in uproar loud
Of joy anticipating victory,
The galleys long and sharp. The masts are reared,
The sails are bent, and lo! the ready barks
Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found
A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince
They led him. But when Madoc bade him tell,
As his life-ransom, what his nation's force,
And what their plans; the savage answered him,
With dark and sullen eye and smile of wrath,
If aught the knowledge of my country's force
Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let
My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst limb from limb
Hew me, and make each separate member feel
A separate agony of death. O Prince!
But I will tell ye of my nation's force,
That ye may know and tremble at your doom;
That fear may half subdue ye to the sword
Of vengeance... Can ye count the stars of Heaven?
The waves which ruffle o'er the lake? the leaves
Swept from the autumnal forest? Can ye look
Upon the eternal snows of yonder height,
And number each particular flake that formed

The mountain-mass?.. so numberless they come,
Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance,
Or aim the arrow; from the growing boy,
Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
Who to revenge his country and his Gods
Hastens, and then to die. By land they come;
And years must pass away ere on their path
The grass again will grow: they come by lake;
And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes
Darken the waters. Strangers! when our Gods
Have conquered, when ye lie upon the Stone
Of Sacrifice extended one by one,
Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh,
Though given in equal shares, and every share
Minced like a nestling's food!

Madoc replied,

Azteca, we are few; but through the woods
The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls
Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly
Before the Eagle's coming. We are few;
And yet thy nation hath experienced us
Enough for conquest. Tell thy countrymen,
We can maintain the city which we won.

So saying he turned away, rejoiced at heart
To know himself alike by lake or land
Prepared to meet their power. The fateful day
Draws on; by night the Aztecas embark.
At day-break from Patamba they set forth,
From every creek and inlet of the lake,
All moving toward Aztlan; safely thus
Weening to reach the plain before her walls,
And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth, O Sun!
Shine fairly forth upon the scene so fair!
Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars
From whose broad bowls the waters fall and flash,
And twice ten thousand feathered helms, and shields,
Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery.
Onward they come with song and swelling horn;
While, louder than all voice and instrument,
The dash of their ten thousand oars, from shore
To shore and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls,
In undistinguishable peals of sound
And endless echo. On the other side
Advance the British barks; the freshening breeze
Fills the broad sail; around the rushing keel
The waters sing, while proudly they sail on
Lords of the water. Shine thou forth, O Sun!

Shine forth upon their hour of victory!
Onward the Cymry speed. The Aztecas,
Though wondering at that unexpected sight,
Bravely made on to meet them, seized their bows,
And showered, like rain, upon the pavaised barks,
The rattling shafts. Strong blows the auspicious gale;
Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way;
He holds the helm; the galley where he guides
Flies on, and full upon the first canoe
Drives shattering; midway its long length it struck,
And o'er the wreck with unimpeded force
Dashes among the fleet. The astonished men
Gaze in inactive terror. They behold
Their splintered vessels floating all around,
Their warriors struggling in the lake, with arms
Experienced in the battle vainly now.
Dismayed they drop their bows, and cast away
Their unavailing spears, and take to flight,
Before the Masters of the Elements,
Who rode the waters, and who made the winds
Wing them to vengeance! Forward now they bend,
And backward then, with strenuous strain of arm,
Press the broad paddle... Hope of victory
Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge,

To sweeten death. Toward the shore they speed,
Toward the shore they lift their longing eyes:..
O fools, to meet on their own element
The Sons of Ocean!.. Could they but aland
Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die
Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of wind,
On fly the British barks!.. the favouring breeze
Blows strong;.. far, far behind their roaring keels
Lies the long line of foam; the helm directs
Their force; they move, as with the limbs of life,
Obedient to the will that governs them.
Where'er they pass, the crashing shock is heard,
The dash of broken waters, and the cry
Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies fast
The practised limbs of youth, but o'er his head
The galley drives; one follows a canoe
With skill availing only to prolong
Suffering; another, as with wiser aim
He swims across, to meet his coming friends,
Stunned by the hasty and unheeding oar,
Sinks sensless to the depths. Lo! yonder boat
Grasp't by the thronging strugglers; its light length
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
Share the same ruin. Here, another shows

Crueller contest, where the crew hack off
The hands that hang for life upon its side,
Lest altogether perish ; then in vain
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy ;
Imperious self controuls all other thoughts ;
And still they deal around unnatural wounds,
When the strong bark of Britain over all
Sails in the path of death... God of the Lake,
Tlaloc ! and thou, O Aiauh, green-robed Queen !
How many a wretch, in dying agonies,
Invoked ye in the misery of that day !
Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead
Weltered ; there, perched upon his floating prey,
The vulture fed in daylight ; and the wolves,
Assembled at their banquet round its banks,
Disturbed the midnight with their howl of joy.

XXVI.

The Close of the Century.

There was mourning in Patamba; the north wind
Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the shore
The floating wreck and bodies of the dead.
Then on the shore the mother might be seen,
Seeking her child; the father to the tomb,
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight,
Bearing the bloated body of his son;
The wife, who, in expectant agony,
Watched the black carcass on the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible;
Anguish in every eye. There was not one,
Who in the general ruin did not share
Peculiar grief, and in his country's loss
Lament some dear one dead. Along the lake
The frequent funeral-piles, for many a day,

With the noonlight their melancholy flames
Dimly commingled; while the mourners stood,
Watching the pile, to feed the lingering fire,
As slowly it consumed the watery corpse.

Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala! thy soul,
Unconquered and unconquerable, rose
Superior to its fortune. When the Chiefs
Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued
In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhidthiton,
Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain
Thy even courage. They from man to man
Go, with the mourners mourning, and by grief
Rousing their rage, till, at the promised fight,
The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy
Flashed in the eye which still retained the tear
Of tender memory. To the brave they spake
Of Aztlan's strength, .. for Aztlan still was strong: ..
The late defeat, .. not there by manly might,
By honourable valour, by the force
Of arms subdued, shame aggravated loss;
The White Men from the waters came, perchance
Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods
Aided, and conquerors not by human skill.

When man met man, when in the field of fight
The soldier on firm earth should plant his foot,
Then would the trial be, the struggle then,
The glory, the revenge.

Tezozomoc,
Alike unbroken by defeat, endured
The evil day; but in his sullen mind
Worked thoughts of other vengeance. He the King
Summoned apart from all, with Tlalala,
And thus advised them: We have vainly tried
The war; these mighty Strangers will not yield
To mortal strength: yet shall they be cut off
So ye will heed my counsel, and to force
Add wisdom's aid. Put on a friendly front;
Send to their Prince the messenger of peace;
He will believe his words; he will forgive
The past;.. the offender may. So days and months,
Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face
Of friendliness, till some fit hour arrive,
When we may fire their dwellings in the night,
Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.
The warrior, from whose force the Lion flies,
Falls by the Serpent's tooth.

Thou speakëst well,
Tlalala answered; but my spirit ill
Can brook revenge delayed.
The Priest then turned
His small and glittering eye toward the King;
But on the Monarch's mild and manly brow
A meaning sate, which made his crafty eye
Bend, quickly abashed. While yet I was a child,
Replied the King of Aztlan, on my heart
My father laid two precepts. Boy, be brave!
So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou meet,
Fearless, the sudden foe: Boy, let thy lips
Be clean from falsehood! in the mid-day sun,
So never shalt thou need from mortal man
To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,
Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful arms,
Again, said Tlalala... If again the Gods
Will our defeat, Yuhidthiton replied,
Vain is it for the feeble power of man
To strive against their will. I omen not
Of ill, young Tygër! but if ill betide,

The land is all before us. Let me hear
Of perfidy and serpent-wiles no more!
In the noon-day war, and in the face of Heaven,
I meet my foes. Let Aztlan follow me;
And if one man of all her multitudes
Shall better play the warrior in that hour,
Be his the sceptre! But if the people fear
The perilous strife, and own themselves subdued,
Let us depart! the universal Sun
Confines not to one land his partial beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There where he cannot prosper.

The dark Priest
Concealed revengeful anger, and replied,
Let the King's will be done! An aweful day
Draws on; the Circle of the Years is full;
We tremble for the event. The times are strange;
There are portentous changes in the world;
Perchance its end is come.

Be it thy care,
Priest of the Gods, to see the needful rites
Duly performed, Yuhidthiton replied.
On the third day, if yonder God of Light

Begin the Circle of the Years anew,
Again we march to war.
One day is past;
Another day comes on. At earliest dawn
Then was there heard through all Patamba's streets,
The warning voice, .. Woe! woe! the Sun hath reached
The limits of his course; he hath fulfilled
The appointed cycle! .. Fast, and weep, and pray, ..
Four Suns have perished, .. fast, and weep, and pray
Lest the fifth perish also. On the first
The floods arose; the waters of the heavens,
Bursting their everlasting boundaries,
Whelmed in one deluge earth and sea and sky,
And quenched its orb of fire. The second Sun
Then had its birth, and ran its round of years;
Till having reached its date, it fell from heaven,
And crushed the race of men. Another life
The Gods assigned to Nature; the third Sun
Formed the celestial circle; then its flames
Burst forth, and overspread earth, sea, and sky,
Deluging the wide universe with fire,
Till all things were consumed, and its own flames
Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and all
Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again

The world had being, and another Sun
Rolled round the path of Heaven. That perished too:
The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far away
Scattered its dying flames. The fifth was born;
The fifth to-day completes its destined course,
Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan, fast
And pray! the Cycle of the Years is full!

Thus, through Patamba, did the ominous voice
Exhort the people. Fervent vows all day
Were made, with loud lament; in every fane,
In every dwelling-place of man, were prayers,
The supplications of the affrighted heart,
Earnestly offered up with tears and groans.
So passed the forenoon; and when now the Sun
Sloped, from his southern height, the downward way
Of Heaven, again the ominous warner cried,
Woe! woe! the Cycle of the Years is full!
Quench every fire! Extinguish every light!
And every fire was quenched, and every light
Extinguished at the voice.

Meantime the Priests
Began the rites. They gashed themselves, and plunged
Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,

Till the clear water, on whose bed of sand
The sunbeams sparkled late, opake with blood,
On its black surface mirrored all things round.
The children of the temple, in long search,
Had gathered, for the service of this day,
All venomous things that fly, or wind their path
With sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile feet.
These, in one cauldron, o'er the sacred fire
They scorch, till of the loathsome living tribes,
Who, writhing in their burning agonies,
Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,
Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood
They mix the infernal unction, and the Priests
Anoint themselves therewith.
Lo! from the South
The Orb of Glory his regardless way
Holds on. Again Patamba's streets receive
The ominous voice, .. Woe! woe! the Sun pursues
His journey to the limits of his course!
Let every man in darkness veil his wife,
Veil every maiden's face; let every child
Be hid in darkness, there to weep and pray,
That they may see again the birth of light!
They heard, and every husband veiled his wife
In darkness; every maiden's face was veiled

The children were in darkness led to pray,
That they might see the birth of light once more.

Westward the Sun proceeds; the tall tree casts
A longer shade; the night-eyed insect tribes
Wake to their portion of the circling hours;
The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,
Sweep in long files the surface of the lake.
Then from Patamba to the sacred mount
The Priests go forth; but with no songs of joy,
Nor cheerful instruments they go, nor train
Of festive followers; silent and alone,
Leading one victim to his dreadful death,
They to the mountain-summit wend their way.

On the south shore, and level with the lake,
Patamba stood; westward were seen the walls
Of Aztlan rising on a gentle slope;
Southward the plain extended far and wide;
To the east the mountain-boundary began,
And there the sacred mountain reared its head,
Above the neighbouring heights, its lofty peak
Was visible far off. In the vale below,
Along the level borders of the lake,

The assembled Aztecas, with wistful eye,
Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there
Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice
Arise, sure omen of continued light.
The Pabas to the sacred peak begin
Their way, and as they go, with ancient songs
Hymn the departing Sun.

O, Light of Life,
Yet once again arise! yet once again
Commence thy course of glory! Time hath seen
Four generations of mankind destroyed,
When the four Suns expired; Oh, let not thou,
Human thyself of yore, the human race
Languish and die in darkness!

The fourth Sun
Had perished; for the mighty Whirlwinds rose,
And swept it, with the dust of the shattered world,
Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods
Built a new World, and to a Hero race
Assigned it for their goodly dwelling-place;
And shedding on the bones of the destroyed
A quickening dew, from them, as from a seed,
Made a new race of humankind spring up,
The menials of the Heroes born of Heaven.

But in the firmament no orb of day
Performed its course; Nature was blind; the fount
Of light had ceased to flow; the eye of Heaven
Was quenched in darkness. In the sad obscure,
The earth-possessors to their parent Gods
Prayed for another Sun, their bidding heard,
And, in obedience, raised a flaming pile.
Hopeful they circled it, when from above
The voice of the Invisible proclaimed,
That he who bravely plunged amid the fire
Should live again in Heaven, and there shine forth
The Sun of the young World. The Hero race
Grew pale, and from the fiery trial shrunk.
Thou, O Nahuaztin, thou, O mortal born,
Heardëst! thy heart was strong, the flames received
Their victim, and the humbled Heroes saw
The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,
Welcome the coming of the new-born God.
O, human once, now let not humankind
Languish, and die in darkness!

In the East
Then didst thou pause to see the Hero race
Perish. In vain, with impious arms, they strove
Against thy will; in vain against thine orb

They shot their shafts; the arrows of their pride
Fell on themselves; they perished, to thy praise.
So perish still thine impious enemies,
O Lord of Day! But to the race devout,
Who offer up their morning sacrifice,
Honouring thy godhead, and with morning hymns,
And with the joy of music and of dance,
Welcome thy glad uprise,.. to them, O Sun,
Still let the fountain-streams of splendour flow!
Still smile on them propitious, thou whose smile
Is light and life and joyance! Once again,
Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise!
Begin thy course of beauty once again!

Such was their ancient song, as up the height
Slowly they wound their way. The multitude
Beneath repeat the strain; with fearful eyes
They watch the spreading glories of the west;
And when at length the hastening orb hath sunk
Below the plain, such sinking at the heart
They feel, as he who hopeless of return
From his dear home departs. Still on the light,
The last green light that lingers in the west,
Their looks are fastened, till the clouds of night

Roll on, and close in darkness the whole heaven.
Then ceased their songs; then o'er the crowded vale
No voice of man is heard. Silent and still
They stood, all turned toward the east, in hope
There on the holy mountain to behold
The sacred fire, and know that once again
The Sun begins his stated round of years.

The Moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade. Who then looked round,
Beholding all that mighty multitude,
Felt yet severer awe; so solemnly still
The thronging thousands stood. The breeze was heard
That rustled in the reeds; the little wave,
Which rippled to the shore and left no foam.
Sent its low murmurs far.
Meantime the Priests
Have stretched their victim on the mountain-top;
A miserable man: his breast is bare,
Bare for the death that waits him; but no hand
May there inflict the blow of mercy. Piled

On his bare breast, the cedar boughs are laid;
On his bare breast, dry sedge and odorous gums
Laid ready to receive the sacred spark,
And blaze, to herald the ascending Sun,
Upon his living altar. Round the wretch
The inhuman ministers of rites accurst
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike,
The seed of fire. Their Chief, Tezozomoc,
Apart from all, upon the pinnacle ...
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eyes;
For now the hour draws nigh, and speedily
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day
Break through the orient sky.

Impatiently
The multitude await the happy sign.
Long hath the midnight past, and every hour,
Yea every moment, to their torturing fears
Seemed lengthened out, insufferably long.
Silent they stood, and breathless in suspense.
The breeze had fallen; no stirring breath of wind
Rustled the reeds. Oppressive, motionless,
It was a labour and a pain to breathe
The close, hot, heavy air... Hark! from the woods
The howl of their wild tenants! and the birds,...

The day-birds, in blind darkness fluttering,
Fearful to rest, uttering portentous cries!
Anon, the sound of distant thunders came;
They peal beneath their feet. Earth shakes and yawns, . .
And lo! upon the sacred mountain's top,
The light . . the mighty flame! A cataract
Of fire bursts upward from the mountain-head, . .
High, . . high, . . it shoots! the liquid fire boils out;
It streams, . . it torrents down! Tezozomoc
Beholds the judgement: wretched, . . wretched man!
On the upmost pinnacle he stands, and sees
The lava floods beneath him: and his hour
Is come. The fiery shower, descending, heaps
Red ashes round; they fall like drifted snows,
And bury and consume the accursëd Priest.

The Tempest is abroad. Fierce from the North
The wind uptears the lake, whose lowest depths
Rock, while convulsions shake the solid earth.
Where is Patamba? where the multitudes
Who thronged her level shores? The mighty Lake
Hath burst its bounds, and yon wide valley roars,
A troubled sea, before the rolling storm.

XXVII.

The Migration of the Aztecas.

The storm hath ceased; but still the lava-tides
Roll down the mountain-side in streams of fire;
Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll on,
All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds
Scour through the black and starless firmament.
Far off, the Eagle, in her mountain-nest,
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceased;
The earth is still;.. and lo! while yet the dawn
Is struggling through the eastern cloud, the barks
Of Madoc on the waters!

Who is he
On yonder crag, all dripping from the lake,

Who hath escaped its depths? He lies along,
Now near exhaust with self-preserving toil,
And still his eye dwells on the spreading waves,
Where late the multitudes of Aztlan stood,
Collected in their strength. It is the King
Of Aztlan, who, extended on the rock,
Looks vainly for his people. He beholds
The barks of Madoc plying to preserve
The strugglers!.. but how few! upon the crags
Which verge the northern shore, upon the heights
Eastward, how few have refuged! Then the King
Almost repented him of life preserved,
And wished the waves had whelmed him, or the sword
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretchedness,
This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,
He called to mind how, from the first, his heart
Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods,
Had he to this unhappy war been driven.
All now was ended: it remained to yield,
To obey the inevitable will of Heaven,
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he mused,
A bird, upon a bough which overhung
The rock, as though in echo to his thought,

Cried out, . . Depart! depart! for so the note,
Articulately in his native tongue,
Spake to the Azteca. The King looked up.
The hour, the horrors round him, had impressed
Feelings and fears well fitted to receive
All superstition; and the voice which cried,
Depart! depart! seemed like the voice of fate.
He thought, perhaps Coanocotzin's soul,
Descending from his blissful halls in the hour
Of evil thus to comfort and advise,
Hovered above him.

Lo! toward the rock,
Oaring with feeble arms his difficult way,
A struggler hastens: he hath reached the rock,
Hath graspt it, but his strength, exhausted, fails
To lift him from the depth. The King descends
Timely in aid; he holds the feeble one
By his long locks, and on the safety-place
Lands him. He, panting, from his clotted hair
Shook the thick waters, from his forehead wiped
The blinding drops; on his preserver's face
Then looked, and knew the King. Then Tlalala
Fell on his neck, and groaned. They laid them down
In silence, for their hearts were full of woe.

The sun came forth, and shone upon the rock;
They felt the kindly beams; their strengthened blood
Flowed with a freer action. They arose,
And looked around, if aught of hope might meet
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys plied
Their toil successfully, ever to the shore
Bearing their rescued charge: the eastern heights,
Rightward and leftward of the fiery mount,
Were thronged with fugitives, whose growing crowds
Speckled the ascent. Then Tlalala took hope,
And his young heart, reviving, re-assumed
Its wonted vigour. Let us to the heights,
He cried;.. all is not lost! Yuhidthiton!
When they behold thy countenance, the sight
Will cheer them in their woe, and they will bless
The Gods of Aztlan.

To the heights they went
And when the remnant of the people saw
Yuhidthiton preserved, such comfort then
They felt, as utter wretchedness can feel,
That only gives grief utterance, only speaks
In groans and recollections of the past.
He looked around; a multitude was there,..
But where the strength of Aztlan? where her hosts?

Her marshalled myriads where, whom yester Sun
Had seen in arms arrayed, in spirit high,
Mighty in youth and courage?.. What were these,
This remnant of the people? Women most,
Who from Patamba when the shock began
Ran with their infants; widowed now, yet each
Among the few who from the lake escaped,
Wandering, with eager eyes and wretched hope.
The King beheld and groaned; against a tree
He leant, and bowed his head, subdued of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doth Tlalala
Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he seeks
Ilanquel there; in vain for her he asks:
A troubled look, a melancholy eye,
A silent motion of the hopeless head,
These answer him. But Tlalala represt
His anguish, and he called upon the King,..
Yuhidthiton! thou seest thy people left;
Their fate must be determined; they are here
Houseless, and wanting food.
The King looked up,..
It is determined, Tlalala! the Gods
Have crushed us. Who can stand against their wrath?

Have we not life and strength? the Tiger cried.
Disperse these women to the towns which stand
Beyond the ruinous waters; against them
The White Men will not war. Ourselves are few,
Too few to root the invaders from our land,
Or meet them with the hope of equal fight:
Yet may we shelter in the woods, and share
The Lion's liberty; and man by man
Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk
Beyond their city walls, to sow their fields,
Or bring the harvest in. We may steal forth
In the dark midnight, go and burn and kill,
Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death,
Their sleep be fear and misery.

Then the King
Stretched forth his hand, and pointed to the lake
Where Madoc's galleys still to those who clung
To the tree-tops for life, or faintly still
Were floating on the waters, gave their aid...
O think not, Tlalala, that ever more
Will I against those noble enemies
Raise my right hand in war, lest righteous Heaven
Should blast the impious hand and thankless heart!
The Gods are leagued with them; the Elements

Banded against us! for our overthrow
Were yonder mountain-springs of fire ordained;
For our destruction the earth-thunders loosed,
And the everlasting boundaries of the lake
Gave way, that these destroying floods might roll
Over the brave of Aztlan!.. We must leave
The country which our fathers won in arms;
We must depart.
The word yet vibrated
Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird above,
Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the sound,
Depart! depart!..Ye hear! the King exclaimed;
It is an omen sent to me from Heaven;
I heard it late in solitude, the voice
Of fate... It is Coanocotzin's soul,
Who counsels our departure... And the Bird
Still flew around, and in his wheeling flight
Pronounced the articulate note. The people heard
In faith, and Tlalala made no reply;
But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown..

Then spake the King, and called a messenger,
And bade him speed to Aztlan... Seek the Lord
Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhidthiton

Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land
His fathers won in war. Only one boon,
In memory of our former friendship, ask,
The Ashes of my Fathers, .. if indeed
The conqueror have not cast them to the winds!

The herald went his way, circuitous,
Along the mountains, .. for the flooded vale
Barred the near passage: but before his feet
Could traverse half their track, the fugitives
Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot
Of that protecting eminence, whereon
They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful sight
Disturbed them, lest perchance with hostile strength
They came upon their weakness. Wrongful fear: ..
For now Cadwallon, from his bark, unarmed,
Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidthiton
Enquired, if yet he lived. The King receives
His former friend... From Madoc come I here,
The Briton said: Raiment and food he sends,
And peace; so shall this visitation prove
A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,
And make us as one people.

Tlalala!
Hearëst thou him? Yuhidthiton exclaimed.
Do thou thy bidding, King! the Tiger cried:
My path is plain... Thereat Yuhidthiton,
Answering, replied, Thus humbled as thou seest,
Beneath the visitation of the Gods,
We bow before their will! To them we yield;
To you, their favourites, we resign the land
Our fathers conquered. Never more may Fate,
In your days or your children's, to the end
Of time, afflict it thus!
He said, and called
The Heralds of his pleasure... Go ye forth
Throughout the land: North, south, and east, and west,
Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear
The name of Azteca, that Heaven hath crushed
Their country: Say, the voice of Heaven was heard,..
Heard ye it not?.. bidding us leave the land,
Who shakes us from her bosom. Ye will find
Women, old men, and babes; the many, weak
Of body and of spirit ill prepared,
With painful toil, through long and dangerous ways
To seek another country. Say to them,

The White Men will not lift the arm of power
Against the feeble; here they may remain
In peace, and to the grave in peace go down.
But they who would not have their children lose
The name their fathers bore, will join our march,
Ere ye set forth, behold the destined way!

He bade a pile be raised upon the top
Of that high eminence, to all the winds
Exposed. They raised the pile, and left it free
To all the winds of Heaven; Yuhidthiton
Alone approached it, and applied the torch.
The day was calm, and o'er the flaming pile
The wavy smoke hung lingering, like a mist
That in the morning tracks the valley-stream.
Swell over swell it rose, erect above,
On all sides spreading like a stately palm,
So moveless were the winds. Upward it rolled;
Still upward, when a stream of upper air
Crossed it, and bent its top, and drove it on,
Straight over Aztlan. An acclaiming shout
Welcomed the will of Heaven; for lo, the smoke
Fast travelling on, while not a breath of air
Is felt below. Ye see the appointed course!

Exclaimed the King. Proclaim it where ye go!
On the third morning we begin our march.

Soon o'er the lake a wingëd galley sped,
Wafting the Ocean Prince. He bore, preserved,
When Aztlan's bloody temples were cast down,
The Ashes of the Dead. The King received
The relics, and his heart was full; his eye
Dwelt on his father's urn. At length he said,
One more request, O Madoc!.. If the lake
Should ever to its ancient bounds return,
Shrined in the highest of Patamba's towers
Coanocotzin rests... But wherefore this?
Thou wilt respect the ashes of the King.

Then said the Prince, Abide not here, O King,
Thus open to the changeful elements;
But till the day of your departure come,
Sojourn with me... Madoc, that must not be!
Yuhidthiton replied. Shall I behold
A stranger dwelling in my father's house?
Shall I become a guest, where I was wont
To give the guest his welcome?.. He pursued,
After short pause of speech,.. For our old men,

And helpless babes and women; for all those
Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter
To tempt strange paths, through swamp and wilderness
And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton
Asks thy protection. Under thy mild sway,
They will remember me without regret,
Yet not without affection... They shall be
My people, Madoc answered... And the rites
Of holiness transmitted from their sires,..
Pursued the King,..will these be suffered them?..
Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied;
No Priest must dwell among us; that hath been
The cause of all this misery!.. Enough,
Yuhidthiton replied; I ask no more.
It is not for the conquered to impose
Their law upon the conqueror.
Then he turned,
And lifted up his voice, and called upon
The people:.. All whom fear or feebleness
Withhold from following my adventurous path,
Prince Madoc will receive. No blood must flow,
No Paba dwell among them. Take upon ye,
Ye who are weak of body or of heart,
The Strangers' easy yoke: beneath their sway

Ye will remember me without regret.
Soon take your choice, and speedily depart,
Lest ye impede the adventurers... As he spake,
Tears flowed, and groans were heard. The line was drawn,
Which whoso would accept the Strangers' yoke
Should pass. A multitude o'erpast the line;
But all the youth of Aztlan crowded round
Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King.

So two days long, with unremitting toil,
The barks of Britain to the adventurers
Bore due supply; and to new habitants
The city of the Cymry spread her gates;
And in the vale around, and on the heights,
Their numerous tents were pitched. Meantime the tale
Of ruin went abroad, and how the Gods
Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To the King,
Companions of his venturous enterprize,
The bold repaired; the timid and the weak,
All whom, averse from perilous wanderings,
A gentler nature had disposed to peace,
Beneath the Strangers' easy rule remained.
Now the third morning came. At break of day

The mountain echoes to the busy sound
Of multitudes. Before the moving tribe
The Pabas bear, enclosed from public sight,
Mexitli; and the ashes of the Kings
Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidthiton
Then leads the marshalled ranks, and by his side,
Silent and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.

At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,
Borne in a litter, waited their approach;
And now alighting, as the train drew nigh,
Propt by a friendly arm, with feeble step
Advanced to meet the King. Yuhidthiton,
With eye severe and darkening countenance,
Met his advance. I did not think, quoth he
Thou wouldst have ventured this! and liefer far
Should I have borne away with me the thought,
That Malinal had shunned his brother's sight,
Because their common blood yet raised in him
A sense of his own shame! Comest thou to show
Those wounds, the marks of thine unnatural war
Against thy country? or to boast the meed
Of thy dishonour? that thou tarriëst here,

Sharing the bounty of the Conqueror,
While, with the remnant of his countrymen,
Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the name,
Thy brother and thy King goes forth to seek
His fortune!

Calm and low the youth replied,
Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton!
And foully, O my brother, wrong the heart
Thou better shouldst have known! Howbeit, I come
Prepared for grief. These honourable wounds
Were gained when, singly, at Caermadoc, I
Opposed the ruffian Hoamen; and even now,
Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence,
For this farewell. Brother, .. Yuhidthiton, ..
By the true love which thou didst bear my youth,
Which ever, with a love as true, my heart
Hath answered, .. by the memory of that hour
When at our mother's funeral pile we stood,
Go not away in wrath, but call to mind
What thou hast ever known me! Side by side
We fought against the Strangers, side by side
We fell; together in the counsel-hall
We counselled peace, together in the field

Of the assembly pledged the word of peace.
When plots of secret slaughter were devised,
I raised my voice alone, alone I kept
My plighted faith, alone I prophesied
The judgement of just Heaven; for this I bore
Reproach and shame and wrongful banishment,
In the action self-approved, and justified
By this unhappy issue!
As he spake,
Did natural feeling strive within the King,
And thoughts of other days, and brotherly love,
And inward consciousness that had he too
Stood forth, obedient to his better mind,
Nor weakly yielded to the wily priests,
Wilfully blind, perchance even now in peace
The kingdom of his fathers had preserved
Her name and empire... Malinal, he cried
Thy brother's heart is sore; in better times
I may with kindlier thoughts remember thee,
And honour thy true virtue. Now fare well!

So saying, to his heart he held the youth,
Then turned away. But then cried Tlalala,

Farewell, Yuhidthiton! the Tyger cried;
For I too will not leave my native land,..
Thou who wert King of Aztlan! Go thy way;
And be it prosperous. Through the gate thou seest
Yon tree that overhangs my father's house;
My father lies beneath it. Call to mind
Sometimes that tree; for at its foot in peace
Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live
Survivor of his country.
Thus he cried,
And through the gate, regardless of the King,
Turned to his native door. Yuhidthiton
Followed, and Madoc; but in vain their words
Essayed to move the Tyger's steady heart;
When from the door a tottering boy came forth
And clung around his knees with joyful cries,
And called him father. At the joyful sound
Out ran Ilanquel; and the astonished man
Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he deemed
Whelmed in the floods; but them the British barks,
Returning homeward from their merciful quest,
Found floating on the waters... For a while,
Abandoned by all desperate thoughts he stood:

Soon he collected, and to Madoc turned,
And said, O Prince, this woman and her boy
I leave to thee. As thou hast ever found
In me a fearless unrelenting foe,
Fighting with ceaseless zeal my country's cause,
Respect them!.. Nay, Ilanquel! hast thou yet
To learn with what unshakeable resolve
My soul maintains its purposes! I leave thee
To a brave foe's protection... Lay me, Madoc,
Here, in my father's grave.
With that he took
His mantle off, and veiled Ilanquel's face;..
Woman, thou canst not look upon the Sun,
Who sets to rise no more!.. That done, he placed
His javelin-hilt against the ground; the point
He fitted to his heart; and, holding firm
The shaft, fell forward, still with steady hand
Guiding the death-blow on.
So in the land
Madoc was left sole Lord; and far away
Yuhidthiton led forth the Aztecas,
To spread in other lands Mexitli's name,
And rear a mightier empire, and set up

Again their foul idolatry; till Heaven,
Making blind Zeal and Bloody Avarice
Its ministers of vengeance, sent among them
The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting sword.

THE END.

NOTES.

NOTES

ON

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Thus let their blood be shed. — V. p. 5.

This ceremony of declaring war with fire and water is presented by De Bry, in the eleventh print of the description of Florida, by Le Moyne de Morgues.

The feast of the Departed. — VI. p. 7.

Lafitau. Charlevoix.

The Council Hall. — VI. p. 6.

" The town house, in which are transacted all public business and diversions, is raised with wood and covered over with earth, and has all the appearance of a small mountain at a little distance. It is built in the form of a sugar loaf, and large enough to contain 500 persons, but extremely dark, having (besides the door, which is so narrow that but one at a time can pass, and that after much winding and turning) but one small aperture to let the smoke out, which is so ill contrived that most of it settles in the roof of the house. Within it has the appearance of an ancient amphitheatre, the

seats being raised one above another, leaving an area in the middle, in the centre of which stands the fire: the seats of the head warriors are nearest it." — *Memoirs of Lieutenant* HENRY TIMBERLAKE, *who accompanied the Cherokee Indians to England in* 1762.

The Sarbacan. — VI. p. 8.

" The children at eight or ten years old are very expert at killing birds and smaller game with a sarbacan, or hollow cane, through which they blow a small dart, whose weakness obliges them to shoot at the eye of the larger sort of prey, which they seldom miss. — TIMBERLAKE.

The pendant string of shells. — VI. p. 8.

" The doors of their houses and chambers were full of diverse kindes of shells, hanging loose by small cordes, that being shaken by the wind they make a certaine ratteling, and also a whisteling noise, by gathering their wind in their hollowe places; for herein they have great delight, and impute this for a goodly ornament." — PIETRO MARTIRE.

Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return
A voice of lamentation. — VI. p. 8.

" They firmly believe that the Spirits of those who are killed by the enemy, without equal revenge of blood, find no rest, and at night haunt the houses of the tribe to which they belonged; but when that kindred duty of retaliation is justly executed, they immediately get ease and power to fly away." — ADAIR.

" The answering voices heard from caves and hollow holes, which the Latines call Echo, they suppose to be the Soules wandering through those places." — PIETRO MARTIRE. This superstition prevailed in Cumana . . they believed the Echo to be the voice of the Soul, thus answering when it was called. — HERRERA, 3, 4. 11.

The word by which they express the funeral wailing in one of the Indian languages is very characteristic, . . *Máuo*; which bewailing, says Roger Williams, is very solemn amongst them morning and evening, and sometimes in the night, they bewail their lost husbands, wives, children, &c.; sometimes a quarter, half, yea a whole year and longer, if it be for a great Prince.

The Skull of some old Seer. — VI. p. 9.

On the coast of Paria oracles were thus delivered. — TORQUEMADA, *l.* 6. *c.* 26.

Their happy souls
Pursue, in fields of bliss, the shadowy deer. — VI. p. 11.

This opinion of the American Indians may be illustrated by a very beautiful story from Carver's Travels:

" Whilst I remained among them, a couple, whose tent was adjacent to mine, lost a son of about four years of age. The parents were so much affected at the death of their favourite child, that they pursued the usual testimonies of grief with such uncommon rigour, as through the weight of sorrow and loss of blood to occasion the death of the father. The woman, who had hitherto been inconsolable, no sooner saw her husband expire, than she dried up her tears, and appeared cheerful and resigned. As I knew not how

to account for so extraordinary a transition, I took an opportunity to ask her the reason of it; telling her at the same time, that I should have imagined the loss of her husband would rather have occasioned an increase of grief than such a sudden diminution of it.

"She informed me, that as the child was so young when it died, and unable to support itself in the country of spirits, both she and her husband had been apprehensive that its situation would be far from being happy: but no sooner did she behold its father depart for the same place, who not only loved the child with the tenderest affection, but was a good hunter, and would be able to provide plentifully for its support, than she ceased to mourn. She added, that she now saw no reason to continue her tears, as the child on whom she doated, was under the care and protection of a fond father, and she had only one wish that remained ungratified, which was that of being herself with them.

"Expressions so replete with unaffected tenderness, and sentiments that would have done honour to a Roman matron, made an impression on my mind greatly in favour of the people to whom she belonged, and tended not a little to counteract the prejudices I had hitherto entertained, in common with every other traveller, of Indian insensibility and want of parental tenderness. Her subsequent conduct confirmed the favourable opinion I had just imbibed, and convinced me that, notwithstanding the apparent suspension of her grief, some particles of that reluctance to be separated from a beloved relation, which is implanted by nature or custom in every human heart, still lurked in hers. I observed that she went almost every evening to the

foot of the tree, on a branch of which the bodies of her husband and child were laid, and after cutting off a lock of her hair, and throwing it on the ground, in a plaintive melancholy song bemoaned its fate. A recapitulation of the actions he might have performed, had his life been spared, appeared to be her favourite theme; and whilst she foretold the fame that would have attended an imitation of his father's virtues, her grief seemed to be suspended. 'If thou hadst continued with us, my dear Son,' would she cry, 'how well would the bow have become thy hand, and how fatal would thy arrows have proved to the enemies of our bands! thou wouldst often have drunk their blood and eaten their flesh, and numerous slaves would have rewarded thy toils. With a nervous arm wouldest thou have seized the wounded buffalo, or have combated the fury of the enraged bear. Thou wouldst have overtaken the flying elk, and have kept pace on the mountain's brow with the fleetest deer. What feats mightest thou not have performed, hadst thou staid among us till age had given thee strength, and thy father had instructed thee in every Indian accomplishment! In terms like these did this untutored savage bewail the loss of her son, and frequently would she pass the greatest part of the night in the affectionate employ."

The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy clouds
Which go before the Sun when he comes forth
In glory. — VI. p. 11.

Among the last comers, one Avila, a cacique, had great authority, who understanding that Valdivia affirmed the God of the Christians was the only Creator of all things, in a great rage cried out, he would never allow Pillan, the God of the Chilenians, to be denied the power of creating. Valdivia enquired of him concerning this imaginary deity. Avila told him that his God did, after death, translate the chief men of the nation and soldiers of known bravery to places where there was dancing and drinking, there to live happy for ever; that the blood of noble men slain in battle was placed about the Sun, and changed into red clouds, which sometimes adorn his rising.—*Hist. of Paraguay, &c. by* F. A. *del Techo.*

O my people,
I too could tell ye of the former days. — VI. p. 14.

The mode of sowing is from the 21st plate of De Bry to J. Le Moyne de Morgues; the common store-houses are mentioned by the same author; and the ceremony of the widows strowing their hair upon their husband's graves is represented in the 19th plate.

The Snake Idol. — VI. p. 15.

Snake worship was common in America. *Berna Dios, p. 3. 7. 125.* The idol described VII. *p. 25,* somewhat resembles what the Spaniards found at Campeche, which is thus described by the oldest historian of the

Discoveries. "Our men were conducted to a broade crosse-way, standing on the side of the towne. Here they shew them a square stage or pulpit foure steppes high, partly of clammy bitumen, and partly of small stones, whereto the image of a man cut in marble was joyned, two foure-footed unknown beastes fastening upon him, which, like madde dogges, seemed they would tear the marble man's guts out of his belly. And by the Image stood a Serpent, besmeared all with goare bloud, devouring a marble lion, which Serpent, compacted of bitumen and small stones incorporated together, was seven and fortie feete in length, and as thicke as a great oxe. Next unto it were three rafters or stakes fastened to the grounde, which three others crossed underpropped with stones; in which place they punish malefactors condemned, for proof whereof they saw innumerable broken arrowes, all bloudie, scattered on the grounde, and the bones of the dead cast into an inclosed courte neere unto it." — PIETRO MARTIRE.

It can scarcely be necessary to remark, that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, best suited to the plan of the poem.

—— piously a portion take
Of that cold earth, to which for ever now
Consigned, they leave their fathers, dust to dust.

VI. p. 15.

Charlevoix assigns an unworthy motive for this remarkable custom, which may surely be more naturally explained; he says they fancy it procures luck at play.

——*from his head*
Plucking the thin grey hairs, he dealt them round.
VI. p. 17.

Some passages in Mr. Mackenzie's Travels, suggested this to me.

" Our guide called aloud to the fugitives, and entreated them to stay, but without effect; the old man, however, did not hesitate to approach us, and represented himself as too far advanced in life, and too indifferent about the short time he had to remain in the world, to be very anxious about escaping from any danger that threatened him; at the same time he pulled the grey hairs from his head by handfulls to distribute among us, and implored our favour for himself and his relations.

" As we were ready to embark, our new recruit was desired to prepare himself for his departure, which he would have declined; but as none of his friends would take his place, we may be said, after the delay of an hour to have compelled him to embark. Previous to his departure, a ceremony took place, of which I could not learn the meaning; he cut off a lock of his hair, and having divided it into three parts, he fastened one of them to the hair on the upper parts of his wife's head, blowing on it three times with all the violence in his power, and uttering certain words. The other two he fastened with the same formalities, on the heads of his two children. — MACKENZIE.

Forth from the dark recesses of the cave
The Serpent came. — VII. p. 23.

Of the wonderful docility of the Snake one instance may suffice.

" An Indian belonging to the Menomonie, having taken a Rattle Snake found means to tame it: and when he had done this treated it as a Deity; calling it his great Father, and carrying it with him in a box wherever he went. This he had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnisance accidentally met with him at this carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his God on the ground, and opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, whilst he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when May arrived, for the arrival of his great Father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience, that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again; when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great Father. The snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he

offered to double the bet if his father came not within two days more. This was farther agreed on; when behold on the second day, about one o'clock, the Snake arrived, and of his own accord, crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and, from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt its veracity." — CARVER'S *Travels.*

We have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. In one of the most interesting families which it was ever my good fortune to visit, I saw a child suckled by a goat. The gull should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea, the otter in fresh water. The more spiders there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire-fly should be imported into Spain to catch musquitos. Snakes would make good mousers; but one favourite mouse should be kept to rid the house of cock-roaches. The toad is an excellent fly-catcher, and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insect feeds upon fleas; for, say the Spaniards, *no ay criatura tan li bre, a quien falta su Alguacil.*

——— *that huge King*
Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim. — VII. p. 23.

Og, the King of Basan, was the largest man that ever lived: all Giants, Titans, and Ogers are but dwarfs to him; Garagantua himself is no more compared to Og, than Tom Thumb is to Garagantua. For thus say the Rabbis; Moses chose out twelve Chiefs, and advanced

with them till they approached the land of Canaan, where Jericho was, and there he sent those Chiefs that they might spy out the land for him. One of the Giants met them; he was called Og the son of Anak, and the height of his stature was twenty-three thousand and thirty-three cubits. Now Og used to catch the clouds and draw them towards him and drink their waters; and he used to take the fishes out of the depths of the sea, and toast them against the orb of the Sun and eat them. It is related of him, by tradition, that in the time of the deluge he went to Noah and said to him, Take me with thee in the Ark; but Noah made answer, Depart from me, O thou enemy of God! And when the water covered the highest mountains of the earth, it did not reach to Og's knees. Og lived three thousand years, and then God destroyed him by the hand of Moses. For when the army of Moses covered a space of nine miles, Og came and looked at it, and reached out his hand to a mountain, and cut from it a stone so wide, that it could have covered the whole army, and he put it upon his head, that he might throw it upon them. But God sent a lapwing, who made a hole through the stone with his bill so that it slipt over his head, and hung round his neck like a necklace, and he was borne down to the ground by its weight. Then Moses ran to him; Moses was himself ten cubits in stature, and he took a spear ten cubits long, and threw it up ten cubits high, and yet it only reached the heel of Og, who was lying prostrate, and thus he slew him. And then came a great multitude with scythes, and cut off his head, and when he was dead his body lay for a whole year, reaching as far as

the River Nile in Egypt. His mother's name was Enac, one of the daughters of Adam, and she was the first harlot; her fingers were two cubits long, and upon every finger she had two sharp nails, like two sickles. But because she was a harlot, God sent against her lions as big as elephants, and wolves as big as camels, and eagles as big as asses, and they killed her and eat her.

When Og met the spies who were sent by Moses, he took them all twelve in his hand and put them in his wallet; and carried them to his wife and said to her, Look, I beseech you, at these men who want to fight with us! and he emptied them out before her, and asked her if he should tread upon them? but she said, Let them go and tell their people what they have seen. When they were got out they said to each other, If we should tell these things to the Children of Israel they would forsake Moses; let us therefore relate what we have seen only to Moses and Aaron. And they took with them one grape stone from the grapes of that country, and it was as much as a camel could carry. And they began to advise the people that they should not go to war, saying what they had seen; but two of them, namely, Caleb the son of Jepho, and Josuah the son of Nun, concealed it.—Maracci.

Even if the grapes had not been proportioned to Og's capacious mouth, the Rabbis would not have let him starve. There were Behemoths for him to roast whole, and Bar-Chana saw a fish to which Whales are but sprats, and Leviathan but a herring. "We saw a fish," says he, "into whose nostrils the worm called Tinna had got and killed it; and it was cast upon the

shore with such force by the sea, that it overthrew sixty maritime cities: sixty other cities fed upon its flesh, and what they left was salted for the food of sixty cities more."

From one of the pupils of his eyes they filled thirty barrels of oil. A year or two afterwards, as we past by the same place, we saw men cutting up his bones, with which the same cities were built up again.—MARACCI.

Arrows, around whose heads dry tow was twined,
With pine gum dipt.—VIII. p. 25.

This mode of offence has been adopted wherever bows and arrows were in use. De Bry represents it in the 31st plate to Le Moyne de Morgues.

"The Medes poisoned their arrows with a bituminous liquor called naphta, whereof there was great plenty in Media, Persia, and Assyria. The arrow, being steeped in it, and shot from a slack bow (for swift and violent motion took off from its virtue), burnt the flesh with such violence, that water rather increased than extinguished the malignant flame: dust alone could put a stop to it, and, in some degree, allay the unspeakable pain it occasioned."—*Universal History.*

His hands transfixed
And lacerate with the body's pendent weight.
VIII. p. 33.

Laceras toto membrorum pondere palmas.
MAMBRUNI *Constantinus, sive Idololatria Debellata.*

Not for your lots on earth,
Menial or mighty, slave, or highly-born,
Shall ye be judged hereafter.—VIII. p. 34.

They are informed in some places that the Kings and Noblemen have immortal souls, and believe that the souls of the rest perish together with their bodies, except the familiar friends of the Princes themselves, and those only who suffer themselves to be buried alive together with their masters' funerals: for their ancestors have left them so persuaded, that the souls of Kings, deprived of their corporeal clothing, joyfully walk to perpetual delights, through pleasant places always green, eating, drinking, and giving themselves to sports, and dancing with women after their old manner while they were living, and this they hold for a certain truth. Thereupon many, striving with a kind of emulation, cast themselves headlong into the sepulchres of their Lords, which, if his familiar friends defer to do, they think their souls become temporary of eternal.—PIETRO MARTIRE.

When I was upon the Sierras of Guaturo, says Oviedo, and had taken prisoner the Cacique of the Province who had rebelled, I asked him whose graves were those which were in a house of his; and he told me, of some Indians who had killed themselves when the Cacique his father died. But because they often used to bury a quantity of wrought gold with them, I had two of the graves opened, and found in them a small quantity of maize, and a small instrument. When I enquired the reason of this, the Cacique and his Indians replied, that they who were buried there were labourers, who had been well skilled in sowing corn and in

gathering it in, and were his and his father's servants, who, that their souls might not die with their bodies, had slain themselves upon his father's death, and that maize with the tools was laid there with them that they might sow it in heaven. In reply to this, I bade them see how the Tuyra had deceived them, and that all he had told them was a lie: for though they had long been dead, they had never fetched the maize, which was now rotten and good for nothing, so that they had sown nothing in heaven. But the Cacique answered, that was because they found plenty there, and did not want it.—*Relacion sumaria de la Historia Natural de las Indias, par el Capitan* GONZALO FERNANDEZ DE OVIEDO.

The Tlascallans believed that the souls of Chiefs and Princes became clouds, or beautiful birds, or precious stones; whereas those of the common people would pass into beetles, rats, mice, weasels, and all vile and stinking animals.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 47.

Cadog, Deiniol,
Padarn, and Teilo.—VIII. p. 37.

The two first of these Saints with Madog Morvyn, are called the three holy bachelors of the Isle of Britain. Cadog the Wise was a Bard who flourished in the sixth century. He is one of the three protectors of innocence; his protection was through the church law: Blas's by the common law; and Pedrogyl's by the law of arms; these three were also called the just Knights of the Court of Arthur. Cadog was the first of whom there is any account, who collected the British Proverbs. There is a church dedicated to him in Caermarthenshire, and two in Monmouthshire. Dei-

niol has churches dedicated to him in Monmouth, Cardigan, and Pembrokeshires. In the year 525 he founded a college at Bangor, where he was Abbot, and when it was raised to the dignity of Bishopric he was the first Bishop. Padarn and Teilo rank with Dewi or David, as the three blessed Visitors, for they went about preaching the faith to all degrees of people, not only without reward, but themselves alleviating the distresses of the poor as far as their means extended. Padarn found a congregation at a place called from him Llanbadarn Vaar, where he had the title of Archbishop. Teilo established the college at Llandaff; the many places called Llandeilo were so named in honour of him. He and Cadog and David were the three canonical Saints of Britain. — *Cambrian Biography.*

Teilo, or Teliau, as he is called by David Williams, took an active part against the heresy of Pelagius, the great Welshman. "Such was the lustre of his zeal, that by something like a pun on his name, he was compared to the sun and called Ηλιε; and when slain at the altar, devotees contended with so much virulence for the reputation of possessing his body, that the Priests, to avoid scandalous divisions, found three miraculous bodies of the Saint, as similar, according to the phrase used on the occasion, as one egg to another; and miracles were equally performed at the tombs of all the three." — D. Williams's *Hist. of Monmouthshire.*

This Miracle is claimed by some Agiologists for St. Baldred, Confessour; "whose memory in ancient tymes hath byn very famous in the kingdome of Scotland. For that he having sometymes preached to the people of three villages neere adjoyning one to the other in Scotland, called Aldham, Tiningham, and Preston, was

so holy a man of life, that when he was dead, the people of ech village contended one with another which of them should have his body; in so much, that at last, they not agreeing therabout, took earmes, and each of them sought by force to enjoy the same. And when the matter came to issue, the said sacred body was found all whole in three distinct places of the house where he died; so as the people of each village coming thither, and carrying the same away, placed it in their churches, and kept it with great honour and veneration for the miracles that at each place it pleased God to worke."—*English Martyrology.*

The story may be as true of the one Saint as of the other, a solution in which Catholicks and Protestants will agree. Godwin (*in Catal. Ep. Landao*) says that the Churches which contended for the Welsh Saint, were Pennalum, the burial place of his family, Llandeilo Vaar, where he died, and Llandaff, where he had been Bishop; and he adds, in honour of his own church, that by frequent miracles at his tomb it was certain Llandaff possessed the true body.—Yet in such a case as this the fac-simile might have been not unreasonably deemed more curious than the original.

The polypus's power of producing as many heads, legs, and arms as were wanted, has been possessed by all the great Saints. This miracle of triplification would have been more appropriate had it been worked upon some zealous Homoousian.

St. Teilo left his own country for a time because it was infested by an infectious disorder, called the *Yellow Plague*, which attacked both men and beasts.—*Capgrave, quoted in Cressy's Church History of Britany.*

David.—VIII. p. 35.

Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are crown'd,
The valley Ewias lies, immured so deep and round,
As they below who see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer.
Where in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British Saint, in zealous ages past,
To contemplation lived; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields;
In memory of whom, in each revolving year,
The Welshmen on his day that sacred herb do wear.

* * * * * * *

Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,
This Saint before the rest their patron still they hold,
Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria long foretold;
And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore,
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport,
That void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye.

DRAYTON.

"A. D. 462. It happened on a day, as Gildas was in sermon, (Reader, whether smiling or frowning, forgive the digression) a Nunne big with child came into the congregation, whereat the preacher presently was struck dumb (would not a maid's child amaze any man?) and could proceed no farther. Afterwards he gave this reason for his silence, because that Virgin bare in her body an infant of such signal sanctity as far transcended him. Thus, as lesser load stones are reported to lose their virtue in the presence of those that are bigger, so Gildas was silenced at the approach of the Welsh St. David (being then but Hanse in Kelder) though afterwards, like Zachary, he recovered his speech again."—FULLER's *Church History of Great Britain.*

"David one day was preaching in an open field to the multitude, and could not be well seen because of the concourse, (though they make him four cubits high, a man and half in stature) when behold the Earth whereon he stood, officiously heaving itself up, mounted him up to a competent visibility above all his audience. Whereas our Saviour himself, when he taught the people, was pleased to chuse a mountain, making use of the advantage of Nature without improving his miraculous power."—FULLER.

David is indebted to the Romancers for his fame as a Champion of Christendom: how he came by his leek is a question which the Antiquarians have not determined. I am bound to make grateful mention of St. David, having in my younger days been benefited by his merits at Westminster, where the first of March is an *early play.*

But I too here upon this barbarous land,
Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.—IX. p. 39.

Elmur, Cynhaval, and Avaon the son of Taliesin, all deserted the Bardic principles to bear arms, and were called the three Chiefs like Bulls in conflict. Avaon, Aronan, and Dygynnelw are the three Bards of the ruddy spear.

———*for this the day*
When to his favoured city he vouchsafes
His annual presence.—III. p. 45.

The feast of the Arrival of the Gods is minutely described by Torquemada, *L.* 10. *c.* 24. Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old: Telpuctli, the Youth, was one of his titles. On the night of his arrival a general carousal took place, in which it was the custom, particularly for old people, men and women alike, to drink immoderately; for they said the liquor which they drank would go to wash the feet of the God, after his journey. And I, says the Franciscan provincial,.. who, if he had been a philosopher, would perhaps have not written a book at all, or certainly not so interesting a one,.. I say, that this is a great mistake, and the truth is, that they washed their own stripes and filled them with liquor, which made them merry, and the fumes got up into their heads and overset them; with which fall it is not to be wondered at that they fell into such errors and foolishness.

It was thought that this God often visited the Mexicans, but except on this occasion, he always came incognito. A stone seat was placed at every crossing, or division, of a street, called *Momoztli* or *Ichialoca, where he is expected;* and this was continually hung with fresh garlands and green boughs, that he might rest there.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 20.

Mexitli, woman-born.—IX. p. 44.

The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the Poem, Part 2. Sect. XXI. Though the Mexicans took their name from him, he is more usually called Huitzilupuchtli, or corruptly Vitzliputzli. In consequence of the vengeance, which he exercised as soon as born, he was stiled Tetzahuitl, Terror, and Tetzauhteotl, the Terrible God. —CLAVIGERO. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 6. *c.* 21.

Quetzalcoal.—IX. p. 44.

God of the Winds: his temple was circular, "for even as the ayre goeth rounde about the heavens even for that consideration they made his temple round. The entrance of that temple had a dore made lyke unto the mouth of a serpent, and was paynted with foule and divilish gestures, with great teeth and gummes wrought, which was a thing to feare those that should enter thereat, and especially the Christians, unto whom it represented very Hell with that ougly face and monsterous teeth."—GOMORA.

Some history is blended with fable in the legend of Quetzalcohuatl, for such is the *uglyography* of his name. He was chief of a band of strangers who landed

at Panuco, coming from the North: their dress was black, long, and loose, like the Turkish dress, or the Cassock, says Torquemada, open before, without hood or cape, the sleeves full, but not reaching quite to the elbow: such dresses were, even in his time, used by the natives in some of their dances, in memory of this event. Their leader was a white man, florid, and having a large beard. At first he settled in Tullan, but left that province in consequence of the vices of its Lords, Huemac and Tezcalipoca, and removed to Cholullan. He taught the natives to cut the green stones, called chalchihuites, which were so highly valued, and to work silver and gold. Every thing flourished in his reign; the head of maize was a man's load, and the cotton grew of all colours; he had one palace of emeralds, another of silver, another of shells, one of all kinds of wood, one of torquoises, and one of feathers; his commands were proclaimed by a cryer from the Sierra of Tzatzitepec, near the city of Tulla, and were heard as far as the sea-coast, and for more than a hundred leagues round. Fr. Berdardino de Sahagun heard such a voice once in the dead of the night, far exceeding the power of any human voice: he was told that it was to summon the labourer to the maize fields; but both he and Torquemada believe it was the Devil's doing. Notwithstanding his power, Quetzalcoal was driven out by Tezcalipoca and Huemac: before he departed he burnt or buried all his treasures, converted the cocoa trees into others of less worth, and sent off all the sweet singing birds, who had before abounded, to go before him to Tlapallan, the land of the Sun, whither he himself had been summoned. The Indians

always thought he would return, and when first they saw the Spanish ships, thought he was come in these moving temples. They worshipped him, for the useful arts which he had taught, for the tranquillity they had enjoyed under his government, and because he never suffered blood to be shed in sacrifice, but ordered bread and flowers, and incense to be offered up instead. — TORQUEMADA, *L. 3. c. 7. L. 6. c. 24.*

Some authors have supposed that these strangers came from Ireland, because they scarred their faces and eat human flesh: this is no compliment to the Irish, and certainly does not accord with the legend. Others that they were Carthaginians, because New Spain was called Anahuace, and the Phœnicians were children of Anak. That the Carthaginians peopled America, is the more likely, say they, because they bored their ears, and so did the Incas of Peru. One of these princes, in process of time, says Garcillasso, being willing to enlarge the privileges of his people, gave them permission to bore their ears also, but not so wide as the Incas.

This much may legitimately be deduced from the legend, that New Spain, as well as Peru, was civilized by a foreign adventurer, who, it seems, attempted to destroy the sanguinary superstition of the country, but was himself driven out by the Priests.

Tlaloc. — IX. p. 44.

God of the Waters: he is mentioned more particularly in Section XII. Tlalocatecuhtli, the Lord of Paradise as he is also called, was the oldest of the

country Gods. His Image was that of a man sitting on a square seat, with a vessel before him, in which a specimen of all the different grains and fruit seeds in the country was to be offered; it was a sort of pumice stone, and according to tradition, had been found upon the mountains. One of the Kings of Tetzcuco ordered a better Idol to be made, which was destroyed by lightning, and the original one in consequence replaced with fear and trembling. As one of the arms had been broken in removing, it was fastened with three large golden nails; but in the time of the first Bishop Tumarraga, the golden nails were taken away and the idol destroyed.

Tlaloc dwelt among the mountains, where he collected the vapours and dispensed them in rain and dew. A number of inferior Deities were under his command.

Tlalala.—IX. p. 44.

Some of my readers will stumble at this name: but to those who would accuse me of designing to *Hottentotify* the language by introducing one of the barbarous clacks, I must reply, that the sound is Grecian. The writers who have supposed that America was peopled from Plato's Island, observe that the *tl*, a combination so remarkably frequent in the Mexican tongue, has probably a reference to At*l*antis and the At*l*antic, At*l* being the Mexican word for water, and *Tl*aloc the God of the waters. An argument quite worthy of the hypothesis.—Fr. Gregorio Garcia. *Origen de los Indios*, Lib. 4. c. 8. § 2.

The quaintest opinion ever started upon this obscure subject is that of Fr. Pedro Simon, who argued, that

the Indians were of the tribe of Issachar, because he was "a strong ass in a pleasant land, who bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." If the Hebrew word, which is rendered tribute, may mean taxes as well, I humbly submit it to consideration, whether Issachar doth not typify John Bull.

Tyger of the War.—IX. p. 46.

This was one of the four most honourable titles among the Mexicans: the others were Shedder of Blood, Destroyer of Men, and Lord of the Dark House. Great Slayer of Men was also a title among the Natchez; but to obtain this it was necessary that the warrior should have made ten prisoners, or brought home twenty scalps.

The Chinese have certain soldiers whom they call Tygers of War. On their large round shields of basket work are painted monstrous faces of some imaginary animal, intended to frighten the enemy,—BARROW's *Travels in China.*

Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with tame weakness brook captivity.—IX. p. 47.

The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples. They who argued for the Phœnician origin of the Indians, might have compared this with the triumph of the Philistines over the Ark, when they placed it in the temple of Dagon.

——peace offerings of repentance fill
The Temple Courts.—IX. p. 47.

Before the Mexican temples were large courts, kept well cleansed, and planted with the trees which they call Ahuchuetl, which are green throughout the year, and give a pleasant shade, wherefore they are much esteemed by the Indians: they are our savin (*sabines de Espana.*) In the comfort of their shade the Priests sit, and await those who come to make offerings or sacrifice to the idol.—*Historia de la Fundacion y Discurso de la Provincia de Santiago de Mexico de la orden de Predicadores; por el Maestro* FRAY AUGUSTIN DAVILA PADILLA. *Brusseles*, 1625.

Ten painful months
Immured amid the forest had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer
Passing his nights and days.—X. p. 49.

Torquemada, *L.* 9. *c.* 25. Clavigero.

The most painful penance to which any of these Priests were subjected, was that which the Chololtecas performed every four years in honour of Quetzalcoal. All the Priests sat round the walls in the temple holding a censer in their hands: from this posture they were not permitted to move, except when they went out for the necessary calls of nature; two hours they might sleep at the beginning of the night, and one after the sunrise; at midnight they bathed, smeared themselves with a black unction, and pricked their ears to offer the blood: the twenty-one remaining hours they sate in the same posture incensing the Idol, and in that

same posture took the little sleep permitted them; this continued sixty days; if any one slept out of his time, his companions pricked him: the ceremony continued twenty days longer, but they were then permitted more rest. —TORQUEMADA, *L.* 10. *c.* 32.

Folly and madness have had as much to do as knavery in priestcraft. The knaves in general, have made the fools their instruments, but they not unfrequently have suffered in their turn.

Coatlantona.— X. p. 52.

The mother of Mexitli, who being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees.— CLAVIGERO.

Mammuth.—X. p. 57.

Mr. Jefferson informs us that a late governor of Virginia, having asked some delegates of the Delawares what they knew or had heard respecting this animal, the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of them came to the Big-bone-licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians; that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended to the earth, and seated himself upon a neighbouring mountain on a rock, on which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen,

and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the Big Bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but at length missing one, it wounded him on the side, whereon springing around, he bounded over the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and, finally, over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.

Colonel G. Morgan, in a note to Mr. Morse, says, "these bones are found only at the Salt Licks on the Ohio; some few scattered grinders have, indeed, been found in other places; but it has been supposed these have been brought from the above-mentioned deposit by Indian warriors and others who have passed it, as we know many have been spread in this manner. When I first visited the Salt Licks", says the Colonel, "in 1766, I met here a large party of the Iroquois and Wyandot Indians, who were then on a war-expedition against the Chicasaw tribe. The head chief was a very old man to be engaged in war; he told me he was eighty-four years old; he was probably as much as eighty. I fixed on this venerable Chief, as a person from whom some knowledge might be obtained. After making him some acceptable presents of tobacco, paint, ammunition, &c. and complimenting him upon the wisdom of his nation, their prowess in war, and prudence in peace, I intimated my ignorance respecting the great bones before us, which nothing but his superior knowledge could remove, and accordingly requested him to inform me what he knew concerning them. Agreeably to the customs of his nation, he informed me in substance as follows:

"Whilst I was yet a boy, I passed this road several

times to war against the Catawbas; and the wise old chiefs, among whom was my grandfather, then gave me the tradition, handed down to us, respecting these bones, the like to which are found in no other part of the country; it is as follows: After the Great Spirit first formed the world, he made the various birds and beasts which now inhabit it. He also made man; but having formed him white, and very imperfect and ill-tempered, he placed him on one side of it where he now inhabits, and from whence he has lately found a passage across the great water, to be a plague to us. As the Great Spirit was not pleased with this his work, he took of black clay, and made what *you* call a negro, with a woolly head. This black man was much better than the white man: but still he did not answer the wish of the Great Spirit; that is, he was imperfect. At last the Great Spirit having procured a piece of pure, fine red clay, formed from it the red man, perfectly to his mind; and he was so well pleased with him, that he placed him on this great island, separate from the white and black men, and gave him rules for his conduct, promising happiness in proportion as they should be observed. He increased exceedingly, and was perfectly happy for ages; but the foolish young people, at length forgetting his rules, became exceedingly ill-tempered and wicked. In consequence of this the Great Spirit created the Great Buffalo, the bones of which you now see before us; these made war upon the human species alone, and destroyed all but a few, who repented and promised the Great Spirit to live according to his laws, if he would restrain the devouring enemy: whereupon he sent lightning and thunder, and destroyed

the whole race, in this spot, two excepted, a male and a female, which he shut up in yonder mountain, ready to let loose again, should occasion require."

The following tradition, existing among the natives, we give in the very terms of a Shawanee Indian, to shew that the impression made on their minds by it must have been forcible. "Ten thousand moons ago, when nought but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun, long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when nought but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they were the lords of the soil; a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night. The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the lake skrunk when they slaked their thirst; the forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side. Forests were laid waste at a meal; the groans of expiring animals were every where heard; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightnings gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowings of death. All were killed except one male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monongahela,

and, roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scorched the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length, maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of even Omnipotence itself." — WINTERBOTHAM. The tradition probably is Indian, but certainly not the bombast.

In your youth
Ye have quaffed manly blood, that manly thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts. — X. p. 57.

In Florida when a sick man was bled, women who were suckling a man-child drank the blood, if the patient were a brave or strong man, that it might strengthen their milk and make the boys braver. Pregnant women also drank it. — LE MOYNE DE MORGUES.

There is a more remarkable tale of kindred barbarity in Irish history. The royal family had been all cut off except one girl, and the wise men of the country fed her upon children's flesh to make her the sooner marriageable. I have not the book to refer to, and cannot therefore give the names; but the story is in Keating's history.

The spreading radii of the mystic wheel. — X. p. 59.

This dance is described from Clavigero; from whom also the account of their musical instruments is taken.

On the top
Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn. — XI. p. 61.

"I was awakened in the morning early, by the cheering converse of the wild turkey-cock (*Meleagris occidentalis*) saluting each other, from the sun-brightened tops of the lofty *Cupressus disticha* and *Magnolia grandiflora*. They begin at early dawn, and continue till sun-rise, from March to the last of April. The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social centinels, the watch-word being caught and repeated, from one to another, for hundreds of miles around; insomuch, that the whole country is, for an hour or more, in an universal shout. A little after sun-rise, their crowing gradually ceases, they quit their high lodging-places, and alight on the earth, where, expanding their silver-bordered train, they strut and dance round about the coy female, while the deep forests seem to tremble with their shrill noise." — BARTRAM.

His cowl was white. — XII. p. 69.

"They wore large garments like surplices, which were white, and had hoods such as the Canons wear; their hair long and matted, so that it could not be parted, and now full of fresh blood from their ears, which they had that day sacrificed; and their nails very long." — B. DIAZ. Such is the description of the Mexican priests by one who had seen them.

Tlalocan.—XII. p. 72.

The Paradise of Tlaloc.

"They distinguished three places for the souls when separated from the body: Those of soldiers who died in battle or in captivity among their enemies, and those of women who died in labour, went to the House of the Sun, whom they considered as the Prince of Glory, where they led a life of endless delight; where, every day, at the first appearance of the sun's rays, they hailed his birth with rejoicings; and with dancing, and the music of instruments and of voices, attended him to his meridian; there they met the souls of the women, and with the same festivity accompanied him to his setting: they next supposed, that these spirits, after four years of that glorious life, went to animate clouds, and birds of beautiful feathers and of sweet song, but always at liberty to rise again to heaven, or to descend upon the earth, to warble and suck the flowers... The souls of those that were drowned or struck by lightning, of those who died of dropsy, tumours, wounds, and other such diseases, went along with the souls of children, at least of those which were sacrificed to Tlaloc the God of Water, to a cool and delightful place called Tlalocan, where that God resided, and where they were to enjoy the most delicious repasts, with every other kind of pleasure... Lastly, the third place allotted to the souls of those who suffered any other kind of death, was the Mictlan, or Hell, which they conceived to be a place of utter darkness, in which reigned a God, called Mictlanteuetli, Lord of Hell, and a Goddess, named Miclancihuatl. I am of opinion

that they believed Hell to be a place in the centre of the earth, but they did not imagine that the souls underwent any other punishment there than what they suffered by the darkness of their abode. Siguenza thought the Mexicans placed Hell in the northern part of the earth, as the word Mictlampa signified towards both." — CLAVIGERO.

When any person whose manner of death entitled him to a place in Tlalocan was buried (for they were never burnt,) a rod or bough was laid in the grave with him, that it might bud out again and flourish in that Paradise. TORQUEMADA, *L.* 13. *c.* 48.

The souls of all the children, who had been offered to Tlaloc, were believed to be present at all after sacrifices, under the care of a large and beautiful serpent, called Xiuhcoatl. — TORQUEMADA, *L.* 8. *c.* 14.

Green islets float along. — XII. p. 72.

Artificial islands are common in China as well as in Mexico.

"The Chinese fishermen, having no houses on shore, nor stationary abode, but moving about in their vessels upon the extensive lakes and rivers, have no inducement to cultivate patches of ground, which the pursuits of their profession might require them to leave for the profit of another; they prefer, therefore, to plant their onions on rafts of bamboo, well interwoven with reeds and long grass, and covered with earth: and these floating gardens are towed after their boats." — BARROW'S *China.*

To Tlaloc it was hallowed, and the stone
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Save when the yearly festival returned,
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. — XII. p. 75.

There were three yearly sacrifices to Tlaloc: At the first, two children were drowned in the Lake of Mexico; but in all the provinces they were sacrificed on the mountains; they were a boy and girl, from three to four years old: in this last case the bodies were preserved in a stone chest, as relics, I suppose, says Torquemada, of persons whose hands were clean from actual sin; though their souls were foul with the original stain, of which they were neither cleansed nor purged, and therefore they went to the place appointed for all, like them who perish unbaptized... At the second, four children, from six to seven years of age, who were bought for the purpose, the price being contributed by the chiefs, were shut up in a cavern, and left to die with hunger; the cavern was not opened again till the next year's sacrifice... The third continued during the three rainy months, during all which time children were offered up on the mountains; these also were bought; the heart and blood were given in sacrifice, the bodies were feasted on by the chiefs and priests. — TORQUEMADA, *L.* 7. *c.* 21.

" In the country of the Mistecas was a cave sacred to the Water God. Its entrance was concealed, for, though this Idol was generally reverenced, this his temple was known to few; it was necessary to crawl the length of a musket-shot, and then the way, sometimes open and sometimes narrow, extended for a mile,

before it reached the great dome, a place 70 feet long, and 40 wide, where were the Idol and the altar; the Idol was a rude column of stalactydes, or incrustation, formed by a spring of petrifying water, and other fantastic figures had thus grown around it. The ways of the cave were so intricate, that sometimes those who had unwarily bewildered themselves there perished. The Friar who discovered this Idol destroyed it, and filled up the entrance." — PADILLA, p. 643.

The Temple Serpents. — XIV. p. 84.

"The head of a sacrificed person was strung up; the limbs eaten at the feast; the body given to the wild beasts which were kept within the temple circuits; moreover, in that accursed house they kept vipers and venomous snakes, who had something at their tails which sounded like morris-bells, and they are the worst of all vipers; these were kept in cradles, and barrels, and earthen vessels upon feathers, and there they laid their eggs, and nursed up their snakelings, and they were fed with the bodies of the sacrificed and with dogs' flesh. We learnt for certain, that, after they had driven us from Mexico, and slain above 850 of our soldiers and of the men of Narvaez, these beasts and snakes, who had been offered to their cruel Idol to be in his company, were supported upon their flesh for many days. When these lions and tygers roared, and the jackals and foxes howled, and the snakes hissed, it was a grim thing to hear them, and it seemed like hell." — BERNAL DIAZ.

He had been confined
Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Infixed their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame. — XIV, p. 85.

Some of the Orinoco Tribes required these severe probations, which are described by Gumilla, *C. 35*; the principle upon which they acted is strikingly stated by the Abbé Marigny in an Arabian anecdote.

" Ali having been chosen by Nasser for Emir, or general of his army against Makan, being one day before this prince, whose orders he was receiving, made a convulsive motion with his whole body on feeling an acute bite: Nasser perceived it not. After receiving his orders, the Emir returned home, and taking off his clothes to examine the bite, found the scorpion that had bitten him. Nasser, learning this adventure, when next he saw the Emir, reproved him, for having sustained the evil, without complaining at the moment, that it might have been remedied. " How, sir," replied the Emir, " should I be capable of braving the arrow's point, and the sabre's edge, at the head of your armies and far from you, if in your presence I could not bear the bite of a scorpion !"

Rank in war among savages can only be procured by superior skill or strength.

Y desde ninez al egercicio
los apremian por fuerza y los incitan,
y en el belico estudio y duro oficio
entrando en mas edad los egercitan;
si alguno de flaqueza da un indicio
del uso militar lo inhabilitan,
y el que sale en las armas senalado
conforme a su valor le dan el grado.

Los cargos de la guerra y preem inencia
no son por flacos medios provcidos,
ni van por calidad, ni por herencia
ni por hacienda, y ser mejor nacidos ;
mas la virtud del brazo y la excelencia,
esta hace los hombres preferidos,
esta ilustra, habilita, perficiona,
y quilata el valor de la persona.
Araucana, 1.

—— *from the slaughtered brother of their king*
He stript the skin, and formed of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies. — XIV. p. 85.

In some provinces they flead the captives taken in war, and with their skins covered their drums, thinking with the sound of them to affright their enemies: for their opinion was, that when the kindred of the slain heard the sound of these drums, they would immediately be seized with fear and put to flight.— *Garcilaso de la Vega.*

" In the Palazzo Caprea at Bologna are several Turkish bucklers lined with human skin, dressed like leather; they told us it was that of the backs of Christian prisoners taken in battle; and the Turks esteem a buckler lined with it to be a particular security against the impression of an arrow, or the stroke of a sabre." — LADY MILLER'S *Letters from Italy.*

Should thine arm
Subdue in battle six successive foes,
Life, liberty, and glory will repay
The noble conquest. — XIV. p. 84.

Clavigero. One instance occurred, in which, after the captive had been victorious in all the actions, he was put to death, because they durst not venture to set at liberty so brave an enemy. But this is mentioned as a very dishonourable thing. I cannot turn to the authority, but can trust my memory for the fact.

Often had he seen
His gallant countrymen with naked breast
Rush on their iron-coated enemy.—XIV. p. 88.

Schyr Mawrice alsua the Berclay
Fra the gret battaill held hys way,
With a great rout off Walis men;
Quhareuir yeid men mycht them ken,
For thai wele ner all nakyt war,
Or lynnyn clayths had but mar.
The Bruce, B. 13. p. 147.

And with the sound of sonorous instruments,
And with their shouts and screams and yells drove back
The Britons' fainter war-cry. — XV. p. 97.

Music seems to have been as soon applied to military as to religious uses.

Con flautus, cuernos, roncos instrumentos,
alto estruendo, alaridos desdenosos,
salen los fieros barbaros sangrientos
contra los Espanoles valerosos.
Araucana, C. 4.

"James Reid, who had acted as Piper to a rebel regiment in the Rebellion, suffered death at York on Nov. 15, 1746, as a rebel. On his trial it was alleged in his defence, that he had not carried arms. But the Court observed, that a Highland Regiment never marched without a Piper, and therefore his bagpipe, in the eye of the law, was an instrument of war."—WALKER's *Irish Bards*.

The construction was too much in the spirit of military law. Esop's trumpeter should not have served as a precedent. Croxall's fables have been made of much practical consequence: this poor Piper was hung for not remembering one, and Gilbert Wakefield imprisoned for quoting another.

A line of ample measure still retained
The missile shaft.—XV. p. 99.

A retractile weapon of tremendous effect was used by the Gothic tribes. Its use is thus described in a very interesting poem of the sixth century.

At nonus pugnæ Helmnod successit, et ipse
Incertum triplici, gestabat fune tridentem,
Quem post terga quidem stantes socii tenuerunt;
Consiliumque fuit, dum cuspes missa sederet
In clypeo, cuncti pariter traxisse studerent,
Ut vel sic hominem dejecissent furibundum,
Atque sub hac certum sibi spe posuere triumphum..
Nec mora; Dux, totas fundens in brachia vires,
Misit in adversum magna cum voce tridentem,
Et dicens, finis ferro tibi, calve, sub isto.
Qui, ventos penetrans, jaculorum more coruscat;

Quod genus aspidis, ex alta sese arbore, tanto
Turbine demittit, quo cuncta obstantia vincat.
Quid moror? umbonem scindit, peltaque resultat.
Clamorem Franci tollunt, saltusque resultant;
Obnixique trahunt restim simul atque vicissim;
Nec dubitat princeps tali se aptare labori;
Manarunt cunctis sudoris flumina membris:
Sed tamen hic intra velut escilus astitit heros,
Qui non plus petit astra comis, quam tartara fibris,
Contemnens omnes ventorum, immota, fragores.
De prima Epeditione Attilæ, Regis Hunnorum, in Gallias, ac de Rebus Gestis Waltharii Aquitanorum Principis. Carmen Epicum.

This weapon, which is described by Suidas, Eustatius, and Agathias, was called Ango, and was a barbed trident; if it entered the body it could not be extracted without certain death, and if it only pierced the shield, the shield became unmanageable, and the enemy was left exposed.

The *Cataia*, which Virgil mentions as a Teutonic weapon, was also retractile. This was a club of about a yard long, with a heavy end worked into four sharp points; to the thin end, or handle, a cord was fixed, which enabled a person, well trained, to throw it with great force and exactness, and then by a jerk to bring it back to his hand, either to renew his throw, or to use it in close combat. This weapon was called *Cat* and *Catai*.—*Cambrian Register.*

The Irish horsemen were attended by servants on foot commonly called Daltini, armed only with darts or javelins, to which thongs of leather were fastened,

wherewith to draw them back after they were cast.—Sir JAMES WAKE's *Antiquities of Ireland.*

Paynalton.—XV. p. 100.

When this name was pronounced it was equivalent to a Proclamation for rising in mass.—TORQUEMADA, *L. 6. c. 22.*

The House of Arms.—XV. p. 101.

The name of this arsenal is a tolerable specimen of Mexican sesquipedalianism; Tlacochcalcoatlyacapan. —TORQUEMADA, *L.* 8. c. 13.

Cortes consumed all the weapons of this arsenal in the infamous execution of Qualpopoca and his companions.—HERRERA, 2. 8. 9.

The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice.—XV. p. 101.

An old Priest of the Tlatelucas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle: this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the King drank first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight.—TORQUEMADA, *L.* 2. *c.* 58.

To physic soldiers before a campaign seems an odd way of raising their courage, yet this was done by one of the fiercest American tribes.

"When the warriors among the Natchez had assembled in sufficient numbers for their expedition, the Medicine of War was prepared in the Chief's cabin. This was an emetic, composed of a root boiled in water. The

warriors, sometimes to the number of three hundred, seated themselves round the kettles or cauldrons; about a gallon was served to each: the ceremony was to swallow it at one draught, and then discharge it again with such loud eructations and efforts as might be heard at a great distance." — HERIOT's *History of Canada.*

Odd as this method of administering medicine may appear, some tribes have a still more extraordinary mode of dispensing it.

"As I was informed there was to be a physic dance at night, curiosity led me to the town-house to see the preparation. A vessel of their own make, that might contain twenty gallons (there being a great many to take the medicine), was set on the fire, round which stood several gourds filled with river water, which was poured into the pot. This done, there arose one of the beloved Women, who, opening a deer-skin filled with various roots and herbs, took out a small handful of something like fine salt, part of which she threw on the head man's seat, and part on the fire close to the pot; she ten took out the wing of a swan, and, after flourishing it over the pot, stood fixed for near a minute muttering something to herself; then taking a shrub like laurel, which I supposed was the physic, she threw it into the pot and returned to her seat. As no more ceremony seemed to be going on, I took a walk till the Indians assembled to take it. At my return I found the house quite full; they danced near an hour round the pot, till one of them, with a small gourd that might hold about a gill, took some of the physic, and drank it, after which all the rest took in turn. One of

their head men presented me with some, and in a manner compelled me to drink, though I would willingly have declined. It was, however, much more palatable than I expected, having a strong taste of sassafras; the Indian who presented it told me it was taken to wash away their sins, so that this is a spiritual medicine, and might be ranked among their religious ceremonies. They are very solicitous about its success; the conjuror for several mornings before it is drank, makes a dreadful howling, yelling, and hollowing from the top of the town-house, to frighten away apparitions and evil spirits."—TIMBERLAKE.

——— *two fire flies gave*
Their lustre.—XVII. p. 120.

It is well known that Madame Merian painted one of these insects by its own light.

"In Hispaniola and the rest of the Ocean Islandes, there are plashy and marshy places, very fitt for the feeding of heardes of cattel. Gnattes of divers kindes, ingendered of that moyste heate, grievously afflict the colonies seated on the brinke thereof, and that not only in the night, as in other countries; therefore the inhabitants build low houses, and make little doores therein, scarce able to receive the master, and without holes, that the gnatts may have no entrance. And for that cause also, they forbeare to light torches or candels, for that the gnatts by natural instinct follow the light; yet neverthelesse they often finde a way in. Nature hath given that pestilent mischiefe, and hath also given a remedy; as she hath given us cattes to destroy the filthy progeny of mise, so hath she given them pretty and com-

modious hunters, which they call *Cucuij*. These be harmless winged worms, somewhat less than battes or reere mise, I should rather call them a kind of beetles, because they have other wings after the same order under their hard-winged sheath, which they close within the sheath when they leave flying. To this little creature (as we see flyes shine by night, and certaine sluggish worms lying in thick hedges) provident nature hath given some very cleere looking-glasses; two in the seate of the eyes, and two lying hid in the flank, under the sheath, which he then sheweth, when, after the manner of the beetle, unsheathing his thin wings, he taketh his flight into the ayre; whereupon every *Cucuius* bringeth four lights or candels with him. But how they are a remedy for so great a mischiefe, as is the stinging of these gnatts, which in some places are little less than bees, it is a pleasant thing to hear. Hee who understandeth he hath those troublesome guestes (the gnattes) at home, or feareth lest they may get in, diligently hunteth after the *Cucuij*, which he deceiveth by this means and industry, which necessity (effecting wonders) hath sought out: whoso wanteth *Cucuij*, goeth out of the house in the first twilight of the night, carrying a burning fire-brande in his hande, and ascendeth the next hillock, that the *Cucuij* may see it, and hee swingeth the fire-brande about calling *Cucuius* aloud, and beateth the ayre with, often calling and crying, out *Cucuie, Cucuie*. Many simple people suppose that the *Cucuij*, delighted with that noise, come flying and flocking together to the bellowing sound of him that calleth them, for they come with a speedy and headlong course: but I rather thinke the *Cucuij* make

haste to the brightness of the fire-brande, because swarmes of gnatts fly unto every light, which the *Cucuij*, eate in the very ayre, as the martlets and swallowes doe. Behold the desired number of *Cucuij*, at what time the hunter casteth the fire-brande out of his hand. Some *Cucuius* sometimes followeth the fire-brande, and lighteth on the grounde; then is he easily taken, as travellers may take a beetle if they have need thereof, walking with his wings shutt. Others denie that the *Cucuij* are woont to be taken after this manner, but say, that the hunters especially have boughs full of leaves ready prepared, or broad linnen cloaths, wherewith they smite the *Cucuius* flying about on high, and strike him to the ground, where he lyeth as it were astonished, and suffereth himself to bee taken; or, as they say, following the fall of the fly, they take the preye, by casting the same bushie bough of linen cloath upon him: howsoever it bee, the hunter havinge the hunting *Cucuij*, returneth home, and shutting the doore of the house, letteth the preye goe. The *Cucuij* loosed, swiftly flyeth about the whole house seeking gnatts, under their hanging bedds, and about the faces of them that sleepe, whiche the gnatts used to assayle: they seem to execute the office of watchmen, that such as are shut in may quietly rest. Another pleasant and profitable commodity proceedeth from the *Cucuij*. As many eyes as every *Cucuius* openeth, the hoste enjoyeth the light of so many candels; so that the inhabitants spinne, sewe, weave, and dance by the light of the flying *Cucuij*. The inhabitants thinke that the *Cucuius* is delighted with the harmony and melody of their singing, and that hee also exerciseth his motion in the ayre according to the

action of their dancing; but hee, by reason of the divers circuit of the gnatts, of necessity swiftly flyeth about divers ways to seek his food. Our men also reade and write by that light, which alwayes continueth until he have gotten enough whereby he may be well and fedd. The gnatts being cleansed, or driven out of doors, the *Cucuius* beginning to famish the light beginneth to faile; therefore when they see his light to waxe dim, opening the little doore, they set him at libertie, that he may seeke his foode.

" In sport and merriment, or to the intent to terrifie such as are afrayd of every shadow, they say, that many wanton wild fellowes sometimes rubbed their faces by night with the flesh of a *Cucuius*, being killed, with purpose to meet their neighbours with a flaming countenance, as with us sometimes wanton young men, putting a gaping toothed vizard over their face, endeavour to terrifie children, or women, who are easily frighted; for the face being anointed with the lump or fleshy part of the *Cucuius*, shineth like a flame of fire; yet in short space that fiery virtue waxeth feeble and is extinguished, seeing it is a certain bright humour received in a thin substance. There is also another wonderful commodity proceeding from the *Cucuius*; the islanders appointed by our menn, goe with their good will by night, with two *Cucuij* tied to the great toes of their feet; for the traveller goeth better by the direction of these lights, than if he brought so many candels with him as their open eyes; he also carryeth another in his hand to seek the *Utiæ* by night, a certain kind of cony, a little exceeding a mouse in bignesse and bulke of bodie: which four-footed beast they onely knewe before our coming

thither, and did eate the same. They also go a fishing by the light of the *Cucuij*." — PIETRO MARTIRE.

Bells of gold
Embossed his glittering helmet.—XVIII. p. 127.

Among the presents which Cortes sent to Spain were "two helmets covered with blue precious stones; one edged with golden belles and many plates of gold, two golden knobbes sustaining the belles. The other covered with the same stones, but edged with 25 golden belles, crested with a greene foule sitting on the top of the helmet, whose feet, bill, and eyes were all of gold and several golden knobbes sustained every bell."— PIETRO MARTIRE.

So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,
Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn.
XVIII. p. 133.

Cornage Tenure.

A white plume
Nodded above, far seen, floating like foam
On the war tempest.—XVIII. p. 134.

His tall white plume, which, like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
Shewed where he swept the field.

YOUNG's *Busiris.*

The Journey of the Dead.—XIX. p. 144.

Clavigero. Torquemada, *L.* 13. *c.* 47.

The fighting mountains of the Mexicans are less absurd than the moving rocks of the Greeks, as they are placed, not in this world, but in the road to the next.

"L. Martio et Sex. Julio consulibus, in agro Mutinensi duo montes inter se concurrerunt, crepitu maximo assultantes et recedentes, et inter eos flammâ fumoque exeunte. Quo concursu villæ omnes elisæ sunt; animalia permulta quæ intra fuerant, exanimata sunt." J. Ravisii Textoris *Officina*, f. 210.

A fiery mountain is a bad neighbour, but a quarrelsome one must be infinitely worse, and a dancing one would not be much better. It is a happy thing for us, who live among the mountains, that they are now-a-days very peaceable, and have left off "skipping like rams."

Funeral and Coronation.—XIX. pp. 145, 147.

Clavigero. Torquemada.

This coronation oath resembles in absurdity the language of the Chinese, who, in speaking of a propitious event occurring, either in their own or any other country, generally attribute it to the joint will of Heaven and the Emperor of China.—Barrow.

I once heard a methodist street-preacher exhort his auditors to praise God as the first cause of all good things, and the King as the second.

Let the guilty tremble! it shall flow
A draught of agony and death to him,
A stream of fiery poison.—XX. p. 152.

I have no other authority for attributing this artifice to Tezozomoc, than that it has been practised very often and very successfully.

"A Chief of Dsjedda," says Niebuhr, "informed me that two hundred ducats had been stolen from him, and

wanted me to discover the thief. I excused myself, saying, that I left that sublime science to the Mahommedan sages; and very soon afterwards a celebrated schech shewed, indeed, that he knew more than I did. He placed all the servants in a row, made a long prayer, then put into the mouth of each a bit of paper, and ordered them all to swallow it, after having assured them that it would not harm the innocent, but that the punishment of Heaven would fall on the guilty; after which he examined the mouth of every one, and one of them, who had not swallowed the paper, confessed that he had stolen the money."

A similar anecdote occurs in the old Legend of Pierre Faifeu.

Comment la Dame de une grosse Maison ou il hautoit, perdit ung Dyamant en sa maison, qu'il luy fist subtillement recovrer.— Chap. 22. p. 58.

Ung certain jour, la Dame de l'hostel
Eut ung ennuy, le quel pour vray fut tel,
Car elle avoit en sa main gauche ou dextre
Ung Dyamant, que l'on renommoit de estre
De la valeur de bien cinq cens ducatz;
Or, pour soubdain vous advertir du cas,
Ou en dormant, ou en faisant la veille,
Du doy luy cheut, dont cres font s'esmerveille,
Qu'el' ne le treuve est son cueur très marry,
Et n'ose aussi le dire a son mary;
Mais a Faifeu allee est s'en complaindre,
Qui respondit, sans grandement la plaindre,
Que bien failloit que le Seigneur le sçeust,
Et qu'elle luy dist ains qu'il s'en apperçeust.

En ce faisant le vaillant Pierre Maistre
La recouvrer luy est allè promettre,
Ce moyennant qu'il eust cinquante escuz,
Qu'elle luy promist, sans en fair refuz,
Pareillement qu' auchun de la maison
L'eust point trouvé, il en rendroit raison.
Leurs propos tins, s'en alla seure et ferme
La dicte Dame, et au Seigneur afferme
Du Dyamant le susdict interest,
Dont il ne fist pas grant conte ox arrest,
Ce nonobstant que fust le don de nopces,
Qu'avoit donne 'par sur autres negoces ;
Car courrouceur sa femme assez en veoit
L'avoit perdu, mais grand dueil en avoit :
Or toutes fois a Faifeu il ordonne
Faire son vueil, et puissance il luy donne
A son plaisir faire ainsi qu'il entend.
Incontinent Faifeu fist tout content
Tost assembler serviteurs et servantes,
Grans et petitz, et les portes-fermantes,
Les fist rengu en une chambre a part.
Ou de grant peur chascun d'eulz avoit part.
Quant il eust fait, appella Sieur et Dame,
Desquelz amé estoit de corps et de ame,
Et devant eulx au servans fist sermon
Du Dyamant, leur disant ; nous chermon,
Et scavons bien par l'art de nicromance
Celuy qui le a et tout en evidance
Feignoit chermer la chambre en tous endroitz,
Se pourmenant devant boytteu ou droitz.
Il apperceut parmy une verriere,
Emmy la court, ung garsonnet arriere,

Qui n'estoit point o les autres venu,
Dont vouz orrez qu'il eu est advenu.
Ce nonobstant qu'il y en eust grant nombre,
Cinquante ou plus, soubdain faignit soube umbre
De divinerᵉ, que tout n'y estoit point.
Les serviteurs ne congnoissans le point
Dirent que nul ne restoit de la bende
Fors le berger ; done, dist-il, qu'on le mande, ...
Bien le sçavoys et autres choses scay,
Qu'il vienne tost, et vous verrez l'essay.
Quant fut venu, demande une arballeste
Que bender fist o grant peine et moleste,
Car forte estoit ce meilleures qui soient.
Les assistens tresfort s'esbahyssoient
Que faire il veult, car desus il fait mettre
Ung font raillon, puis ainsi la remettre
Dessus la table, et couchee a travers,
Tout droit tendue, et atournee envers,
Par ou passer on doit devant la table.
Tout ce cas fait, comme resolu et stable,
Dist à la Dame, et aussi au Seigneur,
Que nul d'eulx ne heut tant fiance en son heur,
De demander la bague dessus dicte,
Par nul barat ou cautelle maudicte ;
Car il convient, sans faire nul destour,
Que chascun d'eulx paise et face son tour
Devant le trect, arc, arballeste ou flesche,
Sans que le cueur d'aucun se plye ou flesche ;
Et puis apres les servans passeront,
Mais bien croyez que ne repasseront,
Ceulx ou celuy qui la bague retiennent,
Mais estre mortz tous asseurez se tiennent.

Son dit finy, chascun y a passé,
Sans que nul fust ne blecé ne cassé;
Mais quant ce fut a cil qui a la bague,
A ce ne veult user de mine ou bragues,
Car pour certain se trouva si vain cueur,
Que s'excuser ne sceut est vaincquer;
Mais tout soubdain son esprit se tendit
Cryer mercy, et la bague rendit,
En effermant qu'il eu l'avoit robee,
Mais sans Faifeu eust este absorbée.
Auquel on quist s'il estoit bien certain
Du laronneau, mais jura que incertain
Il en estoit, et sans science telle
Qu'on estimoit, avoit quis la cautelle
Espoventer par subtille Leçon
Ceulx qui la bague avoient, en la façon
Vous pouvez voir que, par subtille prouve,
Tel se dit bon, qui meschant on approuve.

The trial by ordeal more probably originated in cunning than in superstition. The Water of Jealousy is the oldest example. This seems to have been a device to enable women, when unjustly suspected, fully to exculpate themselves; for no one who was guilty would have ventured upon the trial.

I remember an anecdote of John Henderson, which is characteristic of the man. The maid servant one evening at a house where he was visiting, begged that she might be excused from bringing in the tea, for he was a conjurer, she said. When this was told him, he desired the mistress would insist upon her coming in; his was done: he fixed his eye upon her, and after she

had left the room said, Take care of her; she is not honest. It was soon found that he had rightly understood the cause of her alarm.

The Sports.—XXI. p. 156.

These are described from Clavigero, who gives a print of the Flyers; the tradition of the banner is from the same author; the legend of Mexitli from Torquemada, *L. 6. c. 21.*

Then the Temples fell,
Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood.
XXII. p. 163.

I have not exaggerated. Bernal Diaz was an eye-witness, and he expressly says, that the walls and the floor of Mexitli's temple were black and flaked with blood, and stenching. — *Historia Verdadera*, p. 71.

One of our nation lost the maid he loved.—XXII. p. 165.

There was a young man in despair for the death of his sister, whom he loved with extreme affection. The idea of the departed recurred to him incessantly. He resolved to seek her in the Land of Souls, and flattered himself with the hope of bringing her back with him. His voyage was long and laborious, but he surmounted all the obstacles, and overcame every difficulty. At length he found a solitary old man, or rather genius, who, having questioned him concerning his enterprise, encouraged him to pursue it, and taught him the means of success. He gave him a little empty calabash to

contain the soul of his sister, and promised on his return to give him the brain, which he had in his possession, being placed there, by virtue of his office, to keep the brains of the dead. The young man profited by his instructions, finished his course successfully, and arrived in the Land of Souls, the inhabitants of which were much astonished to see him, and fled at his presence. Tharonhiaouagon received him well, and protected him by his counsel from the old woman his grandmother, who, under the appearance of a feigned regard, wished to destroy him by making him eat the flesh of serpents and vipers, which were to her delicacies. The souls being assembled to dance, as was their custom, he recognized that of his sister; Tharonhiaouagon assisted him to take it by surprise, without which help he never would have succeeded, for when he advanced to seize it, it vanished as a dream of the night, and left him as confounded as was Æneas when he attempted to embrace the shade of his father Anchises. Nevertheless he took it, confined it, and, in spite of the attempts and stratagems of this captive soul, which sought but to deliver itself from its prison, he brought it back the same road by which he came, to his own village. I know not if he recollected to take the brain, or judged it unnecessary; but as soon as he arrived he dug up the body, and prepared it according to the instructions he had received, to render it fit for the reception of the soul, which was to reanimate it. Every thing was ready for this resurrection, when the impertinent curiosity of one of those who were present prevented its success. The captive soul, finding itself free, fled away, and the whole journey was rendered useless.

The young man derived no other advantage than that of having been at the Land of Souls, and the power of giving certain tidings of it, which were transmitted to posterity. — LAFITAU *sur les moeurs de Sauvages Ameriquains*, Tom. I. p. 401.

" One, I remember, affirmed to me that himself had been dead four days; that most of his friends in that time were gathered together to his funeral; and that he should have been buried, but that some of his relations at a great distance, who were sent for upon that occasion, were not arrived, before whose coming he came to life again. In this time he says he went to the place where the sun rises (imagining the earth to be plain), and directly over that place, at a great height in the air, he was admitted, he says, into a great house, which he supposes was several miles in length, and saw many wonderful things, too tedious as well as ridiculous to mention. Another person, a woman, whom I have not seen, but been credibly informed of by the Indians, declares she was dead several days; that her soul went southward, and feasted and danced with the happy spirits; and that she found all things exactly agreeable to the Indian notions of a future state." — BRAINERD.

——— *that sweeter one that knoweth all*
The songs of all the winged choristers. — XXIII. p. 169.

The Mocking Bird is often mentioned, and with much feeling, in Mr. Davis's Travels in America, a very singular and interesting volume. He describes himself in one place as listening by moonlight to one that usually perched within a few yards of his log hut. A negress was sitting on the threshold of the next door,

smoaking the stump of an old pipe. *Please God Almighty,* exclaimed the old woman, *how sweet that Mocking Bird sing! he never tire.* By day and by night it sings alike; when weary of mocking others, the bird takes up its own natural strain, and so joyous a creature is it, that it will jump and dance to its own music. The bird is perfectly domestic, for the Americans hold it sacred. Would that we had more of these humane prejudices in England!.. if that word may be applied to a feeling so good in itself and in its tendency.

A good old protestant missionary mentions another of the American singing-birds very technically.

"Of black birds there be millions, which are great devourers of the Indian corn as soon as it appears out of the ground: unto this sort of birds, especially, may the mystical fowls, the Divells, be well resembled (and so it pleaseth the Lord Jesus himself to observe, *Matt.* 13), which mystical fowl follow the sowing of the word, pick it up from loose and careless hearers, as these black birds follow the material seed: against these they are very careful, both to set their corn deep enough, that it may have a strong root, not so apt to be pluckt up, as also they put up little watch-houses in the middle of their fields, in which they or their biggest children lodge."—ROGER WILLIAMS.

But of all the songsters in America who warble their woodnotes wild, the frogs are the most extraordinary.

"Prepared as I was," says a traveller, "to hear something extraordinary from these animals, I confess the first frog concert I heard in America was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This per-

formance was *al fresco*, and took place on the 18th (April) instant, in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and, I really believe, not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions, or shades, of semitones. An Hibernian musician, who, like myself, was present for the first time at this concert of *antimusic*, exclaimed, 'By Jasus, but they stop out of tune to a nicety!'

"I have been since informed by an *amateur* who resided many years in this country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the Tree Frogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in size are our counter-tenors, they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor, and the under part is supported by the Bull Frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the bass in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name."—*Travels in America, by* W. PRIEST, *Musician.*

"I have often thought," says this lively traveller, "if an enthusiastic cockney of weak nerves, who had never been out of the sound of Bow-bell, could suddenly be conveyed from his bed in the middle of the night, and laid fast asleep in an American swamp, he would, on waking, fancy himself in the infernal regions: his first sensations would be from the stings of a myriad of musquitoes; waking with the smart, his ears would be assailed with the horrid noises of the frogs; on lifting

up his eyes he would have a faint view of the night-hawks, flapping their ominous wings over his devoted head, visible only from the glimmering light of the fire flies, which he would naturally conclude were sparks from the bottomless pit. Nothing would be wanting at this moment to complete the illusion, but one of those dreadful explosions of thunder and lightning, so extravagantly described by Lee in Oedipus. 'Call you these peals of thunder but the yawn of bellowing clouds? by Jove, they seem to me the world's last groans, and those large sheets of flame its last blaze!'"

In sink and swell
More exquisitely sweet than ever art
Of man evoked from instrument of touch,
Or beat, or breath.—XXIII. p. 169.

The expression is from an old Spanish writer; "*Tanian instrumentos de diversas maneras de la musica, de pulso, e flato, e tato, e voz.*" — *Cronica de* PERO NINO.

——— *the old in talk*
Of other days, that mingled with their joy
Memory of many a hard calamity. —XXIV. p. 174.

"And when the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the Priests in their apparel with trumpets, and the Levites the sons of Asaph with cymbals, to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David King of Israel.

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord, because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all

the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.

" But many of the Priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud with joy:

" So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." — EZRA, III. 10. 13.

For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
Spare none. — XXIV. p. 177.

Kill all that you can, said the Tlascallans to Cortes; the young that they may not bear arms, the old that they may not give counsel. — BERNAL DIAZ, p. 56.

The Circle of the Years is full. — XXVI. p. 191.

Torquemada, *L.* 10, *c.* 33. The tradition of the Five Suns is related by Clavigero: the origin of the present by the same author and by Torquemada, *L.* 6. *c.* 42; the whole of the ceremonies is accurately stated.

Depart! depart! for so the note
Articulately in his native tongue
Spake to the Azteca. — XXVII. p. 204.

My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will be thought, must be, that the fact itself is histo-

rically true; by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huitziton, a name which I have altered to Yuhidthiton for the sake of euphony; the note of the bird is expressed in Spanish and Italian thus, *tihui*; the cry of the *peewhit* cannot be better expressed.—Torquemada, *L.* 2. *c.* 1. Clavigero.

The Chair of God.—XXVII. p. 215.

Mexitli, they said, appeared to them during their emigration, and ordered them to carry him before them in a chair; Teoycpalli it was called.—Torquemada, *L.* 2. *c.* 1.

The hideous figures of their idols are easily accounted for by the Historian of the Dominicans in Mexico.

"As often as the Devil appeared to the Mexicans, they made immediately an idol of the figure in which they had seen him; sometimes as a lion, othertimes as a dog, othertimes as a serpent; and as the ambitious Devil took advantage of this weakness, he assumed a new form every time to gain a new image in which he might be worshipped. The natural timidity of the Indians aided the design of the Devil, and he appeared to them in horrible and affrighting figures that he might have them the more submissive to his will; for this reason it is that the idols which we still see in Mexico, placed in the corners of the streets as spoils of the Gospel, are so deformed and ugly."—Augustin Davila Padilla.

To spread in other lands Moxitli's name.

XXVII. p. 219.

It will scarcely be believed that the resemblance between Mexico and Messiah should have been adduced as a proof that America was peopled by the ten tribes. Fr. Estevan de Salazar discovered this wise argument, which is noticed in Gregorio Garcin's very credulous and very learned work on the Origin of the Indians; *L. 3. c. 7. § 2.*

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 28 September, 2015